THE TALKING TOTEM POLE

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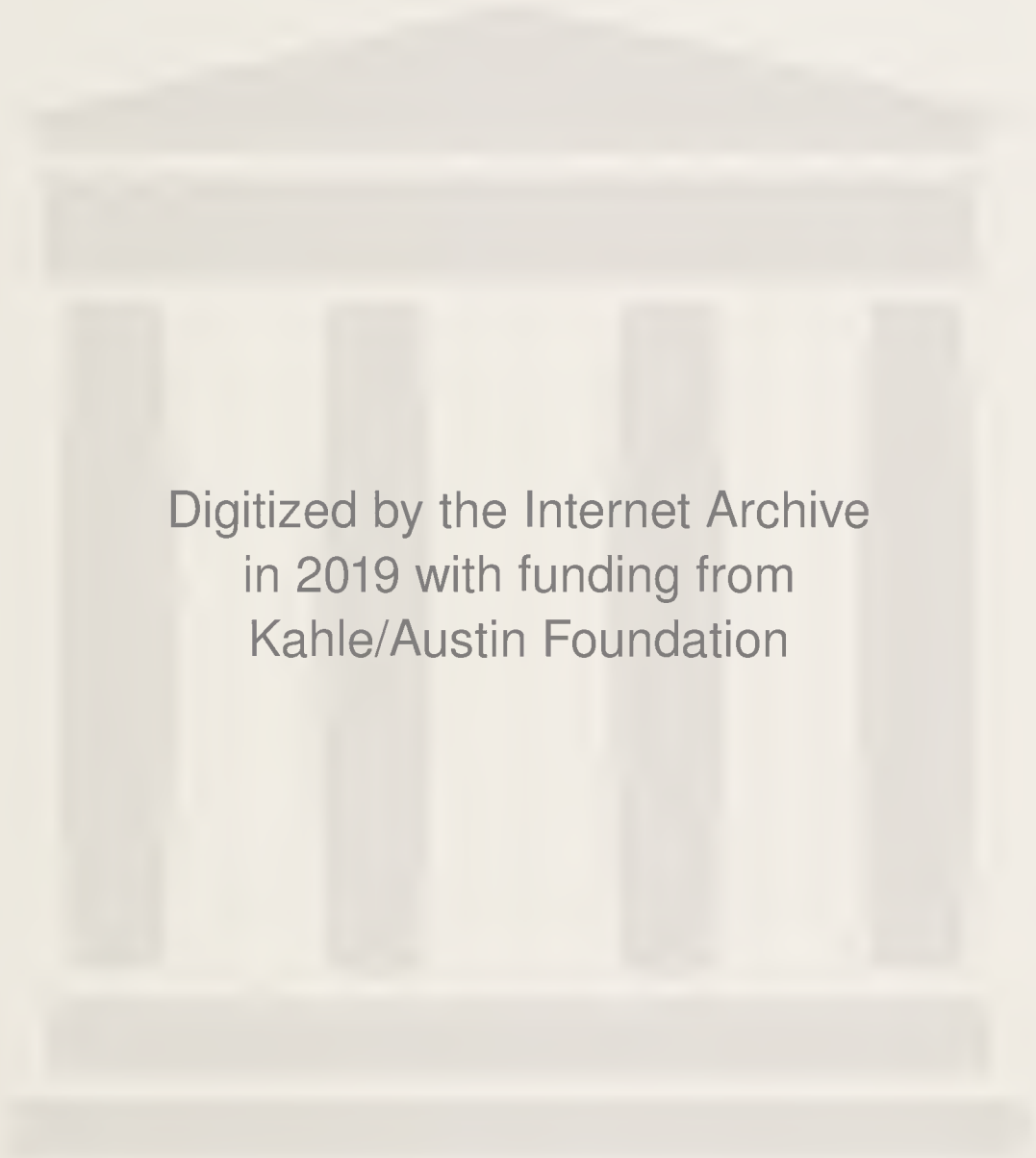
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They began to mutter and shake their heads whenever Maada passed.

The TALKING TOTEM POLE

THE TALES IT TOLD
to the
Indian Children of the Northwest

by
LURLINE BOWLES MAYOL

Illustrated by
EDWARD MORGAN

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TO THE READER

Nawaca, whom I have used as my intermediary story teller, is pictured as a descendant of a Haida Indian chief living on Puget Sound and as having attended a public school. She was therefore familiar with Haida and Puget Sound as well as story-book legends, and mingled them all in the impromptu stories she told her children. She used her gift of ventriloquism to animate her ancestral totem pole and so make her tales more impressive to her mystified hearers.

It should not, therefore, be considered strange or inconsistent to find the totem pole speaking English and using certain words and phrases in Chinook—an intertribal language which, historical records show, existed among the Indians of the Northwest prior to the advent of the white man. As time passed, French, English, Latin and Indian words—principally Nootka and Chinook—were added, and in this form it was used as a means of communication between the early explorers and traders and the Indians. It is now understood by only a few of the older Indians and some of the surviving pioneers, though it once played an important part in the early settlement and growth of the Northwest.

Believing that children will be interested in knowing the Chinook names of the different animals, I have used them in my stories. Since Chinook is of such varied origin, it is impossible to find Chinook dictionaries that

agree either as to pronunciation or spelling. I have selected those which are most euphonious and easily read.

In conclusion, it seems pertinent to remark that the Haida Indians had already reached a high degree of cultural development when the first white men visited the Pacific Coast. In appearance, customs, and habits they differed greatly from the Indians east of the Rocky Mountains.

They wore skin and cedar fiber clothing, with wide basket hats for rain protection, as well as skin armor and wooden helmets in war time; they traveled in dug-out canoes which were often skillfully carved, and used sails to some extent; they lived in large rectangular houses made of split logs or planks with bark or plank roofs. These were divided into rooms, one for each family. The tribes were divided into clans, each having a separate carved or painted crest representing some animal. These totems were carved and painted upon a tall pole which was erected in front of each family lodge. It was called the Totem Pole.

Lurline Bowles Mayol

Guide to Pronunciation and Meaning of the Chinook Words

The Chinook words are spelled to represent the pronunciation as nearly as possible and with as few letters as possible. The hyphen is used to show the division into syllables, and the accented syllable is marked.

an-de-all′, wasp

cam′-as, wild plant, the root of which Indians made into flour

chack′-chack, eagle

cheet′-woot, black bear

cho′-tub, sand flea

ee′-na, beaver

hi′-a-qua, Indian shell money

hoo′-hoo, owl

hool′-hool, mouse

hy′-as klo′-ash muck-a-muck, very good food

ketch′-katch, silver fox

klook, crooked

kwann, glad

kwass, fear

kweh′-kweh, mallard duck

kwis′-kwis, squirrel

kwit-shad′-ie, rabbit

le-loo′, wolf

mel′-a-kwa, mosquito

mo′-witsh, deer

ne-nam′-ooks, otter

o′-lo, hungry

pot′-latch, celebration at which gifts are made

shwah′-kuk, frog

si′-am, grizzly bear

skook′-um, strong one, strong

swad′-wà, panther

ta-toosh′, thunder bird

to-man′-o-wos, spirits

t'see, sweet

wai′-wash, white goose

wan, red fox

youtl, proud

ABOUT THE TOTEM POLE

THE Talking Totem Pole stood in front of the little Samset cabin which nestled close to a tall wind-bent madrona tree and faced the sparkling waters of Puget Sound. Behind the cabin, rose the dark hills covered with dense forest. In front, a little cove stretched crescent-shaped between two rocky headlands, its sandy beach cluttered with masses of driftwood.

Very, very old was the Totem Pole. Not even the Samsets knew how many years had passed since the strange-looking animals, with huge distorted features, were first carved upon it. They only knew that it had been brought from

the northern islands years before by Nawaca's father. He was a famous Haida chief, who had come down to Puget Sound to trade and had remained to live in a country that he found more to his liking than the colder islands of the north.

Here in this pretty little cove he had built a log house, constructed fish traps, and erected his precious Totem Pole, brought laboriously down from the old home. It was in very good condition except that one wing of the thunder-bird had been slightly damaged and the raven had lost the end of his beak.

Annah, Tenas John, and Willie Samset were grandchildren of the old chief. During the rainy season they lived in the little cabin among the blackberry bushes, the very same cabin which the old chief had built so long before. But during the summer time, their mother, Nawaca, insisted upon living in the fresh air and sunlight and had erected a canvas tent near the Totem Pole. She had attended school in

the same little white schoolhouse where her children went during the winter months, and was very wise and clever.

In front of the tent always blazed or smouldered a driftwood fire, over which hung the big black kettles in which Nawaca did all her cooking. She often sat near it, working upon her nets or baskets, her eyes resting dreamily upon the tall brightly-painted pole.

The children often lingered near the blazing fire, too, and stared reverently at the Totem Pole, for to them it was a most awe-inspiring object. There was not a particle of doubt in their minds that it was enchanted. They had had many proofs of that fact, for when occasion demanded, as it frequently did, one of the Totem Pole animals would suddenly begin to talk, and a story would follow. The very strangest part about it all was that when the Totem Pole animals did talk, their lips never moved, yet the words which they uttered were as clearly spoken as if Nawaca herself were relating the story.

And it only talked when Nawaca was present. For no one else would it utter a syllable. Whenever the children asked Nawaca why it was that she alone could make the Totem Pole talk, she only shook her head and smiled. They puzzled and puzzled about it and lay for hours watching the mysterious pole, hoping that they might surprise the animals talking with one another and thus discover the secret of Nawaca's magic. For surely it was magic, very powerful magic, which enabled the Totem Pole to talk. So they always listened attentively to its words of wisdom, and never, never in their lives forgot the wonderful stories it told.

THE OTTER TELLS A STORY

IT WAS a beautiful spring day. Up behind the Samset cabin dogwood trees and flowering madronas were flaunting ivory blossoms above masses of butter-yellow Scotch broom and pink rhododendrons. The bay in front was shimmering with silver ripples that danced before a gentle wind, and far off in the distance the Great White Mountain rose high above the blue foothills and glittered against the cloudless sky.

It was Saturday, and there was no school in the little white schoolhouse in the forest. The tide was low, and there were crabs and clams on the beaches and mud flats. Usually on such a perfect afternoon the Samset children would have been on the beach, contented and busy as bees.

But upon this particular occasion, they were about the tent, noisy and restless.

It was Annah's birthday, you see, and a big pink and white bakery cake, with fancy candies on the icing and nine candles arranged artistically on top, was waiting to be eaten at the evening meal. So it was no wonder the youngsters were impatient and hung around Nawaca, crying: "When are we going to have supper?" and again "When are we going to eat the cake?"

Suddenly the Totem Pole Otter spoke in the dreamy, thoughtful manner that always promised a particularly interesting story.

"I think," it began, "that now is a good time to tell you about Twan, the blind boy. Shall I?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes!" begged the children.

"This, then, is the story," said the Totem Pole Otter.

Once upon a time there lived two Indian lads, Twan and Luk, sons of a great chief. Twan, the elder, had been born blind. He had never seen

the light of day, the green leaves or beautiful flowers, the water rippling in the sunlight, the snow-capped peaks behind his father's lodge, nor the Great White Mountain shining in the distance. Neither did he know the colors of the sunset, nor the silvery gray of fog and mist. All his life he had walked in darkness, yet he was always happy.

You see, his fingers told him many things,—told him of the smooth shining surface of the sallal leaves growing in the depths of the forest, of the cool softness of the dogwood petals, of the fluffiness of dandelion down, of the delicate tracery of ferns, of the roughness of bark and stone, of the softness of fur and feathers.

With his hand outstretched he could walk swiftly through the forest; could go directly to his canoe, which was always drawn upon the beach in the very same spot, and paddle out into the waters of the Sound, avoiding the reefs near the entrance of the little bay in front of his home. Here and there among the many islands, through

dangerous passes, past hidden rocks and sand spits he could go, finding his way home as easily as an eagle returns to its nest. His ears, you see, had become his eyes.

Through the years he had learned the sound of the waves upon the different beaches and reefs and headlands, and his paddle told him where the tides were pulling through the passes and where streams were flowing down out of the forest. He could tell when rain was coming or a storm was brewing by the fretting of the waves upon the rocks, the sound of the wind in the trees, and the cries of the birds along the shore.

So, though blind, Twan was always happy,—happy when he was at work; and happy when he was free, for then he lay for hours listening to the many sounds all around him or amused himself examining the flowers and rocks and shrubs with his sensitive fingers.

But Luk, the other son, was never happy, though he was tall and handsome and as sound as a young oak tree. He was always grumbling

and impatient; always wishing for things that he could not have or wanting to do things he could not do. He was careless and lazy, too, and his little tasks were usually left unfinished, while none of them were ever done well.

As the two lads grew up, the old chief watched them closely. He saw how wise and patient was Twan, the elder; how heedless and impatient was Luk, the younger; saw that he was growing harsh and cruel to the blind Twan.

"Twan has the soul of a great chief," mused the father one day, as he watched him finish the neglected tasks of his brother. "Much wisdom has he, too. But he is blind, and a great tribe like mine should not have a blind chief. If Luk were only more like him, how happy I should be!"

His eyes chanced to rest upon a rainbow which arched the waters of the bay and he recalled the legend of the hiaqua which lay buried at the end of it.

"I will send them both in search of it," he

decided quickly. "I will tell them that the one who brings the buried treasure to me shall be chief of the tribe. Alone shall each one go and alone shall he remain until the quest is ended. If Twan succeeds in finding it, he shall be chief, even though he is blind. If Luk is the fortunate one, the journey may teach him the lesson of patience and perseverance, for the way is long and the dangers and hardships will be many."

So the wise old chief called the two lads to him and told them of his decision. Luk looked toward the dimming rainbow and saw the end which seemed to dip down into a forest-covered ridge in front of the Great White Mountain. Twan stood perfectly still, smiling thoughtfully, and the old chief realized how impossible was the task he had set for his blind son. The lad could not see the bright-hued arch, much less its end. Before he could say anything Twan spoke.

"I cannot see the rainbow, O my father," he said, "so that I cannot know where it ends, but I will try to find the hiaqua just the same. If it

is there, it must be possible to find it. I will do the best I can."

"But you cannot see! You must not go!" protested the old chief.

"My ears and my fingers can see," declared Twan gravely, "and my friends in the forest and the air will be my eyes. Many times they have helped me. They will come to my aid once again, I am sure."

"Very well," replied the old chief gruffly, "but remember that you need not go. I do not command it."

With that he turned away and hurried to his lodge. He brought out two huge pieces of smoked meat and gave one to each lad, together with some parting words of advice.

"It is a long way to the end of the rainbow," he said. "Some say there is no end; some say there is no hiaqua there. I do not know. I only ask you to search for it. Be not impatient if you do not find it soon. The summer is yet young and good weather favors you. Save your strength

and your food for the end of your journey, and if you two happen to meet upon the way, remember that each shall continue upon his quest alone."

"You need not fear," remarked Luk cruelly. "I wouldn't be burdened with Twan. If he were with me I should never find the hiaqua."

But Twan said nothing. Smiling, he turned away and went down to his canoe. A moment later he had headed it toward the Great White Mountain, which his mind could see though his eyes had never beheld it. Luk swiftly followed, turning at the nearest pass to follow a route that led more directly south. A few minutes later both canoes disappeared behind the wooded islands and the old chief walked slowly into his lodge, already regretting that he had permitted the blind lad to set out upon this dangerous adventure.

During the days that followed both lads hurried toward the distant mountain. Past wooded islands they paddled, past gleaming mud flats and sandy spits, past deep bays and rocky

reefs. Wai-wash, the white goose, flew honking ahead of Twan's canoe and told him where to go, so that he reached the southern shore of the Sound in the same hour that Luk pulled his canoe upon the beach and plunged into the forest.

When Twan felt the prow of his canoe grate upon the pebbly beach, he sprang out and dragged it up on the shore beyond the point where his fingers told him the highest tide would come. Then he sat down upon the warm sand and wondered what he should do next.

Scarcely a moment had he sat there when Cho-tub, the sand flea, hopped upon his hand. Twan lifted his other hand to crush the tiny creature. Then, remembering that the flea had not yet harmed him, he brushed him off into the sand instead. The next instant he was astonished to hear the flea speaking.

"Thanks for my life, O blind one," said Cho-tub, in a small voice that was but an echo of a voice. "For that I will repay you. You are looking for the end of the rainbow; is it not so?"

"It is," replied Twan. "How did you know?"

"The gulls are all talking about it," Cho-tub replied. "Wise birds are the gulls. They see everything; they know everything. They say that the end of the rainbow is near a lake where yonder river rises. That much I can tell you. More you can find out, perhaps, later on."

"Of course I can!" Twan agreed cheerfully. "If I can find the lake, I can find the hiaqua, I am sure. Thank you so much for your help, little Cho-tub."

With that he launched his canoe again and paddled slowly along the shore until he felt the river waters pulling at his slender paddle and heard the screams of the gulls as they played in the fresh water. Then he headed up the swift stream, keeping close to the shore as he moved on slowly but surely toward his distant goal.

After several days of this slow traveling he came to a high waterfall, and the canoe whirled round and round in the misty pool until Twan pulled it up on the shore.

While he stood wondering how he could ever manage to climb around the falls, Mel-a-kwa, the mosquito, flew down upon his forehead with a low buzzing sound. Twan drew his hand back, intending to kill the troublesome insect, but once again he changed his mind and brushed him off instead.

"Many thanks for my life, O blind one," said the mosquito softly. "For that I will repay you. I will pick an easy way over the wooded slope beside the falls and as I buzz ahead of you, you can follow me with your canoe."

"That is a good plan," agreed Twan, much relieved, and bearing his canoe upon his shoulders stumbled up the slope behind his tiny buzzing guide. Reaching the stream above the falls, he launched the little craft and, after thanking the mosquito, started once more upon his journey.

Before long Ne-nam-ooks, the otter, slipped down off the bank and swam to the canoe.

"I am Ne-nam-ooks," he explained. "I have heard that you are searching for the hiaqua. If

you will follow me, you will find it much easier paddling, for I will lead you through the safest places."

"Thank you, Ne-nam-ooks," Twan replied, much encouraged by the kindly offer. "That will help greatly."

For a long time Twan paddled along behind the friendly animal. At length the water became too shallow for his boat so he was forced to part with his guide. Leaving his canoe on the bank, he proceeded on foot through the tangled thickets along the stream.

Though the way was difficult he did not need to become discouraged. For, even here, there was always a friend to direct him. Kwit-shad-ie, the rabbit, bounded ahead of him for hours at a time. Wan, the red fox, led him around a great swamp; Hoo-hoo, the owl, directed him at night; Hool-hool, the mouse, ran ahead uttering little squeaking sounds, and Kwis-kwis, the squirrel, with noisy chatterings brought him to the very edge of the forest lake where the fabled hiaqua was

supposed to be hidden. There, by the reedy shore, he sat down to ponder what he should do next.

"If I could only see," he said aloud, "perhaps I might really find the hiaqua now that I am here. How happy my father would be. It would make him very rich and powerful, and that he deserves to be for he is a very good man."

Kweh-kweh, the mallard duck, was sitting upon her eggs in a nest among the rushes. She heard Twan speak, peered out through the reeds and saw that he was blind.

"The hiaqua, is it?" she said, surprising Twan with her harsh, quacking voice. "Why, that is easily found. It is there under the rock upon which you are sitting. Everybody here knows that!"

Astonished, Twan jumped up and lifted the rock. He felt eagerly beneath it. Sure enough, there was the hiaqua, much hiaqua! It was cool and smooth to his fingers, and there was enough to make his father very rich. Smiling happily, Twan stuffed the treasure into his pouch and

fastened it securely. Then he thanked Kweh-kweh, the duck, and started back down the little brook.

Now it happened that Luk was pushing his way up through the dense thicket beside the stream as Twan was coming down it with his precious hiaqua. Luk was tired and thoroughly discouraged, for the animals of the forest had told him nothing, nor had any of them helped him along the way. He was hungry, too, having long ago eaten all of the smoked meat which his father had given him at parting. He had found neither the lake nor the hiaqua, and wondered how much longer he could continue upon his journey without food.

He had just sat down upon a log to rest when Twan came stumbling through the thicket. Hool-hool, the mouse, was directing him, but Luk did not know that. He was utterly astonished to see the blind lad already returning from the ridge, and he noticed instantly the smile of happiness and satisfaction upon his brother's

Sure enough, there was the hiaqua, much hiaqua!

face. Twan had found the hiaqua and was returning home with it! Had found the precious hiaqua and would become chief of the tribe! So their father, the chief, had said, and so it would be.

"He still has some of the smoked meat!" Luk thought bitterly. "He has everything, both food and hiaqua, and I have nothing!"

He opened his lips to call to his brother, but at that moment an evil thought entered his mind. Scarcely breathing, he sat perfectly still until Twan had passed; so still that Hool-hool did not know that he was there. Twan, however, hesitated for a moment. He turned his sightless eyes directly on his brother, listened intently, and then hastened on after the squeaking mouse, who was already far ahead.

Luk rose to his feet and stole cautiously through the forest, following Twan, but keeping well in the rear, for he knew that his brother's sense of hearing was very keen. From a hill, he saw Twan launch his canoe and paddle slowly

along behind Ne-nam-ooks, the otter; saw the smoked meat upon his shoulder; saw the pouch full of hiaqua. And his heart became so bitter with envy that he muttered angrily, and raced along the river's bank, determined to get possession of the hiaqua. He reached the great falls before his brother, and stood there gazing at the rushing waters as he waited to carry out his wicked plan.

But when Twan came down the stream, he beached his canoe upon the opposite shore. For a moment Luk was frantic with rage and disappointment. Then he called, "Oh, Twan! Here am I, Luk, your brother! Come and get me with your canoe, for I am weak and hungry and I cannot swim across."

At the sound of his brother's voice Twan turned around and started back to his canoe.

"Heed him not, O blind one!" begged Ne-nam-ooks, the otter. "In his heart are evil thoughts. I hear them in his voice."

"He is my brother," said Twan, simply. "I

must go across and get him." And launching his canoe once more, he paddled carefully across the swift-flowing stream.

As soon as he reached the opposite shore, Luk sprang into the little craft and plied the blind lad with eager questions.

"Did you find the hiaqua?" he demanded.

"Yes, I found it," Twan replied, smiling happily. "Much hiaqua have I for the chief, our father."

"And you have meat, too, I see," said Luk greedily.

"Yes, I have meat," Twan replied, surprised. "Have you none?"

"Not a morsel," Luk answered. "Give me some of yours, for I am famished. I will take the paddle while you cut off a piece," he suggested cunningly.

"Very well," Twan answered agreeably, and gave the paddle into his brother's eager hands.

Luk raised it instantly, thinking to strike Twan and gain possession of the precious hiaqua,

but in his haste and greed he forgot all about the swift current, all about the roaring falls below. Nor did he know that Mel-a-kwa, the mosquito, and his friend, An-de-all, the wasp, were watching over Twan with zealous care.

So it happened that no sooner had Luk raised the paddle than Mel-a-kwa darted toward him and bit him upon one eyelid, while the angry wasp rushed downward and stung him upon the other. With a cry of pain and terror, Luk dropped the paddle into the stream and fought off the buzzing insects with both hands. The little craft tipped over and both boys were plunged into the river.

"Twan! Twan!" Luk cried wildly as he felt the waters tugging at him, pulling him downstream toward the falls.

"I am coming!" Twan replied, striking out in the direction of his brother's voice.

A few powerful strokes brought him to Luk's side. He grasped the drowning lad and turned toward the nearer shore, but the current was so swift that he could make little headway. Besides,

Luk, mad with pain and fear, clutched at him wildly. Down, down, the swift current pulled them. Nearer and nearer the falls they drifted, Twan stubbornly contesting every foot of the way. In vain both the mosquito and the otter tried to help.

Stronger and stronger grew the tug of the current beneath him. Then the roar of falling waters thundered in his ears and Twan knew that the end was near. A moment, and they were swept over the brink and hurled into the deep pool below. There they spun round and round in the whirling waters until, by some freak of the current, they and their canoe were tossed upon the shore.

Luk's leg was broken when he crashed against a rock in the pool, but Twan escaped without a scratch of any kind. Wearied with his struggle in the water, he crawled toward his brother whom he heard moaning.

After a hasty examination, Twan picked up the injured lad and carried him to a mossy bed

just within the forest. He made a fire and put packs of mud upon Luk's swollen eyes. Very skilfully he constructed a splint for the broken leg, made a soft bed of leaves and fir branches, and fed the groaning youth with loving care.

Three days they rested there upon the shore, but on the fourth Twan placed his brother in the canoe and, after thanking all his kind friends for their help, set off down the river.

Days later, as the sun was setting, the canoe rounded the point of the last wooded island. Twan headed straight for the village of the old chief across the bay. In the bottom of the canoe lay Luk, quiet and gentle now, and remarkably patient in spite of the great pain he had been forced to endure for many days.

Hour after hour, day after day, he had lain there studying the blind lad in front of him,—had watched the expression of peace and satisfaction upon his face; had marveled at the never-ending patience and kindness with which Twan always ministered to his fretful demands; had

seen the blind lad go without food that he, Luk, might have the last of their meager supply.

"Twan will make a great chief in spite of his blindness," he told himself honestly. "He understands everything."

Halfway across the bay Twan suddenly ceased paddling. Slowly he unfastened the thongs that held the bulging pouch to his side and quietly reached over and placed it upon his brother's breast.

"The hiaqua is yours," he said. "You shall give it to the chief, our father. I do not want to be chief."

"Do not want to be chief!" echoed Luk, astonished.

"No," Twan replied firmly. "I would rather roam through the forest and paddle on the Sound as I do now. I would rather listen to the birds and lie on the sand in the sunshine. Why should a blind man be chief when there is a good man with two eyes?"

"But I am not a good man," Luk protested,

his voice breaking. "I am not fit to be chief. I followed you. I tried to kill you," he confessed. "I have always treated you cruelly. Yet in spite of it you would do this for me!"

"You are my brother," Twan answered. "I knew that you were following me for, careful as you were, I heard you breathing as I passed. But let us forget. The water that has gone over the falls cannot flow back again. Let us forget."

"I shall not forget!" Luk protested. "I shall tell our father the truth."

"It is better to keep silent," Twan said gravely, "for this reason: Our father has always been kind to me and always will be, for he is a good man. For you, though, his heart has always grieved. Now he will be happy when you bring him the hiaqua, happy to think that you will be chief. Happier still will he be when he finds that you have returned with the soul of a chief. Let us say nothing."

"Very well, if that is your true wish," Luk agreed, greatly moved. "But I shall never forget.

From this day on I shall be eyes for you, my brother. Never again shall you feel blind."

"That is enough, O my brother," said Twan softly, and smiled contentedly as he sent the canoe speeding through the sunset-tinted, rippling waters toward a faint distant sound he knew so well—the dear familiar sound of the Chinook wind moaning in the tall fir trees on the hill behind his father's lodge.

The Totem Pole Otter became silent. The Samset children all sat staring at it while, in their own minds, they finished the story and followed the two happy lads back to the old chief's lodge. Even Tenas John sat perfectly still and the silence was broken only by the driftwood logs burning upon the fire.

Then, as Nawaca lifted the lid of the kettle to glance at the contents within, one by one the children rose quietly and slipped away down the beach where they all played happily until supper time.

THE BEAVER TELLS A STORY

WILLIE SAMSET and his friend Skookum Jim were playing upon the beach in front of the Totem Pole. Skookum Jim was carving a raven's head upon the prow of a tiny canoe which he had whittled out of a piece of wood.

"Is this not a fine little boat?" Skookum Jim demanded, proudly holding up the finished canoe for Willie Samset's inspection. "It will ride the water just like my father's and he says soon I may help him make a big one for the two of us."

"It is good enough," admitted Willie Samset grudgingly, "but I could make a better one if I should try. Yes, indeed! With my beautiful knife which the teacher gave me I would carve the head of a bear on the prow. The ears would

look like real ears and the eyes like real eyes. The nose would be so lifelike that it would seem to breathe, and the mouth would be exactly right. Oh, yes, my canoe would be very much finer than that one, Skookum Jim."

Neither of the boys noticed that Nawaca had slipped up behind them and was listening to Willie Samset's boasting with a frown of disapproval.

Just then the Totem Pole Beaver spoke in the gruff voice that Willie Samset dreaded. He knew very well that when the Totem Pole spoke like that, it was very cross about something.

"My son," thundered the Totem Pole Beaver, "have you ever heard the story of the little chief who boasted once too often?"

"No-o-o," Willie Samset replied hesitatingly.

"Then I will tell it to you."

Many, many years ago a great chief and his tribe lived beside a lake which lay like a jewel in a little valley among the mountains. In the lake were

fish, and in the forest were deer and all sorts of fur-bearing animals, and the tribe was contented and happy.

Now the old chief had a son, Klim. Very smart and handsome was this little chief. A good fisherman and a clever hunter was he also, as even the old chief admitted with a pleased grunt. But the lad had one fault, a very grave fault in the eyes of the chief, his father. He was a boaster.

One day he chanced upon a group of lads among whom was the little chief, his head held high, his eyes flashing, his lips, as usual, uttering empty phrases.

"What was that, my son?" broke in the old chief. "Did my ears hear you say that you could climb to the top of the Beaver's Head—you, a small boy, when only one in all our tribe has ever been able to climb the steep ledge beneath? Am I mistaken, or did I hear you say that?"

Klim looked into his father's face and saw that he was very angry. His eyes wavered and fell, and he was silent.

"Did I hear him say that?" demanded the chief, turning to the other lads.

"He said it!" cried the group with one voice, glad to see the little chief in such a trying position at last. "He said he could climb straight up to the top of the Beaver's Head as easily as the eagle flies to its nest above."

"Did you say that?" insisted the old chief, turning to Klim once more.

"Yes, I said it," admitted Klim, and wished, oh, how he wished that he had never uttered such foolish words!

"Then you shall do it," commanded the old chief gravely. "You shall climb to the top of the Beaver's Head before you may enter my lodge again."

"But—" stammered the little chief.

"There is nothing for you to say," interrupted the old chief sternly. "Here,"—he quickly cut a red blanket in two with his great knife and handed half of it to the boy—"take this with you and hang it from the very top. My eyes are keen

and I shall see it and know that you have kept your boast. Take plenty of smoked meat so that you may have strength for such a climb, but do not come back until we have seen the red signal on top of the cliff." With that he turned away and went over to his lodge without a backward glance.

For a moment poor little Klim stood amid his jeering comrades. Then, darting swiftly away to the lodge, he slung a strip of jerked venison over his shoulder and plunged into the forest.

Now the sharp saw-toothed mountains rose above the blue lake on every side,—high rocky peaks with many precipices, some of which dropped sheer to the lake below. On the very top of one of the steepest cliffs was a great rock known to all the tribes as the Beaver's Head, because it looked somewhat like one. As far as anybody knew, only one had ever climbed to the top. Klim remembered that, as he shook the tears of humiliation and anger from his eyes and hurried into the forest.

Along the trail he trotted, not noticing the

"Do not come back until we have seen the red signal on top of the cliff."

tall ferns which grew higher than his head, or the wild flowers, or the timid forest animals that fled at his approach, or the beautiful little sunlit glens here and there within the forest of giant fir trees through which he was passing. Just one thing he saw, just one thing he thought of—the Beaver's Head so far, far above him.

On and on he ran, splashing through narrow, rushing streams, frightening deer here and there along the way, sending a black bear crashing out of a huckleberry patch with a grunt of alarm, startling birds and all the little forest creatures as he plunged wildly along.

The trees grew smaller and smaller as the path became steeper. The great forest was left behind and the little dusky thickets at the edge of the timber line grew dark with approaching twilight. The sun went down behind the mountains; the sky became orange, then red, then purple. The pink glow died from the clouds and the summits of the distant peaks, and twilight came. Yet the little chief climbed on. After a while, when it be-

came so dark that he could no longer see, he lay down on the moss beside the path and wrapped himself in the piece of red blanket.

It seemed that he had scarcely closed his eyes when a cougar screamed not far away. A blood-curdling, terrible scream it was. Klim was so frightened that he plunged down the trail, forgetting his fatigue, forgetting everything except the dreaded animal behind him. Fortunately the moon had come up big and golden over the top of the ridge so that the trail was plainly visible once more. Klim raced down the fern-bordered path, down through the giant firs, until he reached his father's lodge. He lifted the skins and crept softly in through the doorway.

"Who is there?" called the old chief, sitting up and staring at the lad who stood silhouetted against the bright moonlight outside, his hand holding back the skins before the door.

"It is I, O my father," said Klim tremblingly.

"Is the red sign on top of the Beaver's Head?" demanded the old chief sternly.

"No," stammered the little chief.

"Then you may not stay in my lodge. Go back at once and keep your boast, my son."

Klim knew his father well; knew it was useless to ask for mercy or forgiveness; knew that the old chief would never, never weaken; knew that there was only one thing for him to do. So he crept out of the village and slept until daybreak on the soft moss in the forest; slept where he could hear the dogs barking and the water rippling upon the shore of the lake.

Long before the sun stole over the eastern ridges, after a breakfast of dried meat and water, he was on his way up the mountain again. Back up the fern-bordered trail he hurried and by noon was well above the timber line on the rocky slopes. Hour after hour he climbed, hot and tired and thirsty though he was.

Late in the afternoon he stepped upon a loose rock, lost his footing and fell down, down, down to a wide ledge. The sky reddened and turned to purple. Darkness came and the moon climbed

over the mountain again; yet he lay there motionless.

At last Klim sat up slowly and looked around him dazedly. He was bruised and sore, and oh, so thirsty! The full golden moon was just overhead and the night was almost as light as day. Looking up, Klim saw the dark outline of the Beaver's Head far above.

"I can never make it," he said to himself, "never, never! It is much too far and I am in too much pain. Surely the chief, my father, will let me come back to the lodge when he sees how badly hurt I am."

With a great effort he pulled himself to his feet and stumbled once more down the trail through the moonlit forest. He reached his father's lodge and dragged himself across the threshold.

"Who is there?" called the old chief, as he sat up and stared at the panting lad leaning against the doorway.

"It is I," Klim replied in a faint whisper. "O

my father, I fell far down the mountain and I am badly hurt and in great pain. I can never reach the top. Never, never can I climb so far again."

"Are there any bones broken?" demanded the old chief, after a moment's hesitation.

"No," faltered Klim, "but I am very sore and sick."

"But the red sign is not yet on top of the Beaver's Head," pointed out the old chief sternly. "So, my son, you must go back. A chief must always do as he says, and so must you, who will some day be the chief of this great tribe. Try again, my son."

Again the little chief went whimpering into the forest and threw himself down upon the moss, where he slept fitfully until morning. Again he ate a hasty breakfast of meat and water, bathed his cuts and bruises, and started back up the mountain. This time he was very tired and sore and discouraged, but he was very careful of the slipping rocks; very careful to drink at the last small stream; very, very careful to

save part of his strength for the dreaded climb above.

On and on he climbed, up past the timber line, up past the place where he had fallen the day before, up to the base of the last high cliff which rose sheer above him. Up that he also climbed, clinging desperately to each little jutting piece of rock, clinging to every crevice. Up, and up, and up, not daring to look downward, he fought his way, inch by inch, toward the Beaver's Head above.

Then when it seemed as if he could not possibly climb another inch, he reached the top of the cliff and pulled himself slowly over the edge. He was on top of the Beaver's Head at last!

For a long, long time he lay there in the sunlight, too tired to move or think. Then he crawled to the edge of the cliff and hung out the red blanket, fastening it securely with a stone. That done, he crawled back to a sheltered spot among the rocks and fell fast asleep.

The sky reddened and darkened again; the

moon came up and stars twinkled forth in the purple dome above; the long night passed and the little chief slept on. Once again the eastern sky became golden, then red. The sun peeped over the jagged peaks and shone into Klim's face, awakening him from his long slumber.

He jumped up and rubbed his stiff body. Then, stealing to the edge of the cliff, he looked down, and saw a lone figure standing on the shore of the lake.

"It is my father!" he thought proudly. "He is looking at the red blanket upon the cliff. Now I can go to my father's lodge!" he cried joyfully.

It was long past noon when he reached the village after his perilous climb down the cliff. He found his father waiting for him in the doorway of the lodge.

"Mine eyes have seen the red sign on the Beaver's Head, my son," said the old chief proudly, putting his hand on the shoulder of the bruised and weary lad who stood before him. "No one knows better than I what a difficult feat

it was to climb to the top of the Beaver's Head. Has the tongue learned wisdom during the long hard climb?"

"It has learned that boasting is a foolish practice, my father," faltered the little chief. "I shall—never—boast—again," and he slipped to the ground at his father's feet and fell fast asleep in an instant.

"That Klim was a brave boy," Skookum Jim declared earnestly, as the Totem Pole Beaver ceased speaking and Nawaca stepped up and took the pretty little canoe in her hand.

"And that is a fine little canoe," said Willie Samset quickly. "I have never seen a finer one. You are very, very clever, Skookum Jim."

THE GULL TELLS A STORY

ANNAH SAMSET was a pretty little thing. Her brown face was as round as a full moon, her eyes snapped and sparkled with mischief, and she was never, never cross or peevish. "T'see," her mother often called her, because she was so sweet and lovable.

Little Annah liked bright, pretty things and her long braid of black hair was usually tied with a bit of red cloth or bright-colored yarn, while on very special occasions it flaunted a huge bow of red ribbon which had been a present for good behavior at school. Annah kept this cherished ribbon, most beloved of her possessions, in her treasure house in the big hollow tree.

In the same secret place were all of Annah's

other treasures,—a bright, shining ring with a big red stone which had been a prize in a box of crackerjack, a string of colored glass beads, a piece of broken mirror, a tiny celluloid doll, and fifteen sticky pennies which she had earned picking berries.

One bright day Annah had spread out all these belongings upon a large flat rock near the old tree. She put on the ring and the beads, tied the red ribbon on her black hair and looked at herself in the broken mirror. Satisfied with the result, she counted the fifteen pennies and arranged them in piles upon the rock. Then she picked up the doll and began to rock it to and fro, crooning a lullaby her mother often sang.

She was so happy that she did not notice little Mary Samish creeping softly up to the fringe of tall ferns which concealed her playhouse. Poor, ragged Mary Samish! Her cheeks were thin and pinched from lack of food, her hair was tangled, her clothes were merely pieces of rags and sacks pinned carelessly together.

To Mary the fifteen pennies were fabulous riches, and the ribbon and beads and ring treasures unbelievable. Fifteen pennies! Little Mary Samish stared at them longingly. With only five of them she could buy crackers, cookies, a banana, or candy!

Without stopping to think, the hungry child darted through the ferns and snatched at the gleaming hoard. Before Annah could utter a protest, Mary was speeding away with nine of the pennies clutched tightly in her grimy hand.

"Oe! Oe!" wailed Annah, broken-hearted at her great loss, and ran to Nawaca, who was weaving a basket beside the fire.

"What is the matter, little T'see?" Nawaca inquired, patting the black head buried in the folds of her full skirt.

"Mary Samish snatched nine of my pennies!" sobbed Annah. "Nine — of — my — precious pennies! They were on the big rock and she took them! I was saving them to buy a shining little clock to wear upon my wrist."

"Um," said Nawaca thoughtfully, noticing the red ribbon, the beads, and the ring with the bright red stone. "Um," she said again, and thought of poor wistful little Mary Samish who had so little.

"I think I shall tell you a story," began the Totem Pole Gull unexpectedly. "Perhaps at the end you will not feel so badly about your pennies."

Many, many years ago there lived a chief who had a daughter. He had no son, so all of his love was lavished upon this child.

Maada was the maiden's name, and she was straight and slim and very lovely. But she was very vain and proud. Perhaps it was because the old chief praised her too loudly and gave her too many gifts. Perhaps it was because she saw her own reflection in the forest pools and knew how very pretty she really was.

One day as Maada was walking along the beach on her way out to the clam beds, she saw a big gull struggling in a mass of kelp and seaweed that

had been washed high up on the shore. It took her only a moment to loosen the frightened bird. It soared quickly skyward and Maada went on to the clam beds.

A few days later she was lying on the warm sand watching puffs of white clouds overhead when she noticed a gull that seemed to be circling just above her. Lower and lower it flew. Then down it swooped and dropped something into the astonished girl's lap.

That something was a necklace, a beautiful necklace of green stones. So exquisitely carved was it that Maada gave a cry of delight and slipped the wonderful chain over her head.

"How lovely it is!" she cried. "Never have I seen anything to compare with it!" And she ran to the chief, her father, and showed him the present the grateful gull had brought her.

Then the medicine man and all of the tribe gathered around to hear the story and view the necklace, and great was the wonder and excitement that it caused among these simple people.

"It is bewitched!" cried some. "The gull was bewitched also, else how could he have brought the girl a thing like that?"

"The necklace is surely bewitched," the medicine man assured the chief, who nodded in agreement, but asked what could be done about it. If the necklace were really bewitched, then no one dared to touch it except Maada, to whom it had been given. Perhaps it was good magic, argued the old chief, since it had been given in return for an act of kindness. Perhaps there was no wickedness in it at all. Time alone would tell.

The days and weeks passed. Maada wore the green necklace constantly and grew more vain and selfish with every passing day. Before long, however, she noticed a strange thing. The necklace was shrinking. Little by little it was becoming shorter and shorter as the carved stones grew smaller and smaller! Needless to say, Maada was really terrified, but she was so fond of the chain that she would not give it up.

Not long afterwards the old chief also noticed

that the necklace was becoming shorter. But he wisely remained silent, for what can be done with a thing bewitched?

Soon came the time when the medicine man and others in the tribe observed the shrinking of the chain and began to mutter and shake their heads whenever Maada passed.

"She is bewitched!" they insisted. "She is so proud and selfish that the necklace will surely punish her."

Then little by little Maada was left out of the games, and her playmates drew aside when she passed, or hurried away when she approached. They were all afraid of the magic in the lovely green beads.

Now there was a sick girl in the tribe. Konsie was her name and she had always been Maada's most beloved friend. Konsie's illness was such that even the medicine man could do nothing for her, and she lay still and patient upon her bed of skins.

One day when Maada was passing, Konsie's

eyes fastened hungrily upon the green necklace.

"If I could wear that lovely thing for just one day, I'm sure I should feel better," she murmured wistfully. "It is so cool and green, like the first little buds that peep out of their hiding places in the spring."

Maada heard her friend's wish, but she passed on as if she had heard nothing. Not even for poor sick Konsie would she part with the precious necklace. But that night when she removed it in order to examine it more closely, she was dismayed to find that she could barely slip it over her head.

"It has shrunk fast today," she thought, trembling with fear. "What shall I do? Soon I shall not be able to take it off at all."

The very next day as Maada was passing, Konsie once more expressed a wish to wear the necklace.

"Just once!" she begged. "It is so cool and green that I am sure it would make me well again. Please let me wear it, Maada."

"It is mine," Maada replied selfishly. "I cannot let you have it for I cannot bear to be without it for a single minute."

That night the necklace was so tight that Maada was forced to leave it on. Frightened and restless, she lay in the darkness and wondered what to do. She dozed fitfully until morning. When she awoke she was conscious of a strange choking sensation and reached hastily up, to find that the necklace had shrunk until it felt like a burning band around her throat.

Terrified she ran sobbing to the chief, her father, showed him what had happened to the necklace, and begged him to remove it with his strong hands. But the old chief shook his head sorrowfully.

"It is magic," he said. "I dare not touch it lest some evil befall my tribe."

He sent for the medicine man, who shook his head when he saw what had happened, and refused to touch the chain. Nor would anyone have anything to do with such powerful magic.

"Put her out of the tribe!" they cried, almost with one voice. "She is bewitched. She will ruin all of us."

"There is nothing else to do," declared the medicine man sternly. "She will bring some terrible curse upon us all if she stays here longer."

Though grieving deeply, the old chief felt that the medicine man was right, and commanded that Maada be put in a canoe and set adrift upon the waters. Tenderly he bade her farewell and turned away to his lodge, his sorrow too great for any of his tribe to witness.

Choking and broken-hearted, Maada was led down toward the beach. When passing the place where Konsie, her sick friend, lay, her feet were halted by the sweet voice of her playmate.

"Come here, Maada," she called softly. "I am not afraid. Let me try to break the necklace. My poor hands are almost useless, but I should like to try. I cannot bear to see you so wretched and unhappy."

Poor Maada! Humbled and shamed, she

stumbled to Konsie's side and knelt before her. And then a strange thing happened! As Konsie touched the string of beads, it instantly grew long again. No one saw it grow, but there it was, the same long beautiful chain that the gull had dropped into Maada's lap!

Maada stared at it through her tears. Then she lifted it quickly and slipped it over Konsie's head.

"It is yours if you will have it, Konsie," she said. "I only hope that it will make you as well and happy as you once thought it would. I shall never wear it again."

The voice of the Totem Pole Gull died away and Annah turned anxiously to Nawaca.

"Did it?" she demanded, her eyes brimming with tears.

"Did it what?" asked Nawaca, smiling.

"Did it make Konsie well and happy again?"

"Of course," Nawaca declared. "As well and happy as she had ever been in her life."

"How glad Maada must have been!" Annah cried, then grew very quiet and thoughtful. After a few minutes she jumped up and darted away down the path through the forest.

When she returned half an hour later, the red hair ribbon, the chain of bright-colored beads, and the beautiful shining ring with the red stone were gone. Nawaca looked up with a question in her twinkling eyes.

"I had a potlatch," Annah explained happily. "I gave all my treasures to Mary Samish. She was very happy. I kept one cent for myself. With that I shall buy a stick of candy."

"I am very glad, little T'see," said Nawaca, and patted her small daughter's head with loving fingers.

THE BEAR TELLS A STORY

IT WAS a calm, beautiful day. The waters of the bay shone like a great blue mirror between the wooded shores with scarcely a ripple upon their glinting surface.

Little Willie Samset lay on top of a flat rock by the water's edge and stared into the depths below as he cautiously let down a long line until the baited hook rested right in front of a fine rock cod which was swimming slowly around in the shadow of a huge rock on the floor of the bay. Not far away Willie Samset could see two giant crabs crawling in the mud among dozens of starfish and trout of all sizes.

Suddenly the cod snapped at the bait and Willie Samset began to pull in his line carefully but, at the same time, very swiftly. In a moment the ugly fish was lying on top of the rock.

"Look what a fine big fish I have caught!" he cried proudly, running to the fire with his prize. Thoughtlessly he left the squirming fish upon the hook, and touched its tail and poked it to see it flop about in the air.

"You are a clever fisherman," Nawaca said, stepping up and removing the fish from the hook. "But I do not like to see you torture the poor creature. It makes me think of the black bear who became white—all because of a fish."

"What was the story?" cried Annah, who was playing near by.

"I will tell the story," boomed the Totem Pole Bear, "for no one knows it as well as I."

One day, so long ago that no one could possibly count the moons, a fat black bear lay upon a rock beside the water and amused

himself catching the salmon which were on their yearly run to the spawning grounds in the headwaters of the rivers which run into the Sound.

There were so many of them that it was no trick at all for the bear to reach out his paw and pull in a nice fat fish, and this he did until he had eaten so many that he could not take another bite. Even then he couldn't resist reaching out and pulling another fish to the top of the rock where it flopped and squirmed beneath his paw.

It was a very beautiful fish, large and oddly marked, with stripes of color running along its back. It was very powerful, too, and managed to squirm out from under the great paw several times, and almost flop into the water. Each time, however, the bear pulled it back until its body was covered with scratches.

"Please let me go, O bear!" begged the frantic fish at last. "I am chief of my tribe and without me they will never reach the spawning grounds."

The bear was greatly astonished, for he had never heard a salmon speak before. For just a

moment he loosened his hold and the fish instantly gave a mighty flip into the water.

The bear tried to seize it with his paw, but he was not swift enough. The Salmon Chief was already swimming off among his hurrying companions. Angry to think that his victim had escaped, the bear slid into the water in pursuit.

With powerful strokes he swam through the fish-filled waters, his eyes always on the glinting body of the Salmon Chief ahead. On and on he swam, but he did not catch his quarry, though at times he could almost reach him with his paw.

Suddenly a giant crab seized his foot and pulled him under the water. Down, down, down he sank until they came to a sunlit pool among the rocks where all sorts of sea creatures were gathered.

The bear was now frantic with pain and fright, and though he shook his paw this way and that and tried to reach his captor with his teeth, he could not make the crab relax his hold.

The crab pulled his prisoner into an enormous

The crab pulled his prisoner into an enormous sea cave filled with all the creatures that live beneath the waters.

sea cave filled with all the horrid creatures that live beneath the waters. The wriggling arms of the devilfish were bad enough, but worst of all, facing the bear, was a huge whale with a monstrous mouth,—a mouth so big that it could swallow a dozen bears at once. All around both edges of the gaping cavern were rows of sharp white teeth.

At that moment the Salmon Chief swam through the assembled throng and approached the whale. Upon his back were the marks of the bear's sharp teeth and claws, and he gasped in agony as he addressed the great mammal. When he had finished, the whale spoke, and his voice caused the water to ripple and eddy around the bear's feet.

"Come here, bear," he commanded. "Come closer, much closer. You have injured the Salmon Chief and you must be punished."

"Oh, oh!" gasped the bear, backing away from those terrifying jaws. "Please let me go! I did not mean to hurt him. I was only playing."

"Playing!" thundered the whale. "Great scratches and bruises are on the Salmon Chief's back, and you were only playing! Cruel play it was, O bear, and must be punished. Bring him here instantly," he commanded impatiently. "I have no time to waste. A storm is brewing and I must be gone to deeper waters else I shall be washed high upon the beach."

In obedience to the whale's command, all the angry sea creatures began to move slowly toward the bear, their bulging eyes staring at him mercilessly, their mouths opening and closing slowly as they advanced. The huge devilfish unwrapped his snaky arms and sent them sprawling through the water. The giant crabs and all the other fish began to close in around the terrified bear until the water seemed to be full of angry eyes and gaping mouths.

"What shall I do?" groaned the panic-stricken bear, and made a last mad effort to gain the entrance of the cave.

Fortunately for him, the crab had relaxed his

hold and before he could obtain a firm grip again, the bear plunged out into the sunlit pool beyond the rocks. Once there, he rose quickly to the surface, filled his lungs with air and whined with relief as he swam swiftly toward the shore.

Every moment he expected to feel the crab nip at his foot or the devilfish clutch him with one of his long arms, but nothing happened and he reached the shore in safety and pulled himself out upon a rock, too tired and scared to move.

For a long, long time he lay there in the sunlight, trembling as he thought of his narrow escape. Then he noticed his paws. He rubbed his eyes and looked again, unable to believe what he had seen. Both of his forepaws were snowy white!

Amazed, the bear dragged himself to the edge of the rock and looked down into the calm water. There, facing him, he beheld a snow white bear!

His appalling adventure had caused him to turn white, and white he remained as long as he lived.

"Served him right!" cried Annah Samset indignantly, when the Totem Pole Bear ceased speaking.

"Right, too," echoed Tenas John sleepily.

But Willie Samset glanced up at Nawaca understandingly and said nothing at all.

THE EAGLE TELLS A STORY

LITTLE Willie Samset and his playmate, Skookum Jim, slipped cautiously through the huckleberry bushes and hid behind a thicket on top of the hill. From this point of vantage they could watch the other Indians in the berry patch below.

"This is much more fun than picking berries," Skookum Jim declared, stretching out upon the cool green moss.

"We will stay here until my wrist is better," Willie Samset decided, and began to eat the huckleberries in his basket.

It was very pleasant there on the hilltop above the sparkling waters of the Sound. Away to the

southeast glistened the Great White Mountain, tiny cloudlets just brushing its summit with their downy white wings. Out on the bay, a steamer slid slowly along leaving a gleaming silvery ripple in its wake while the smoke from its funnels drifted back in a long black spiral. The breeze stirred the trees to a rustling murmur which made both boys very drowsy, and in a few minutes they were fast asleep.

When they awoke, the Indians were all preparing to go home, so the boys slipped quickly ahead of the rest in order to avoid embarrassing questions. Thus it happened that Willie Samset was already piling wood on the fire when Nawaca arrived with her baskets full of fragrant berries.

"Where are your berries, my son?" Nawaca inquired, placing her heavy baskets upon the ground and looking around for Willie Samset's. "Surely you must have been picking busily all day, for not once did I hear you playing upon the beach. You must have your baskets full to overflowing."

"I hurt my wrist as I fell over an old log," explained Willie Samset quickly, showing his almost empty baskets to Nawaca, "and it ached so badly that Skookum Jim and I sat down on top of the hill until it felt better. There the sun was warm and the wind went swish, swish, through the trees and put us to sleep before we knew what had happened."

"Well, well," said Nawaca thoughtfully, "that was a mischievous wind, to be sure. I don't believe it could ever have played such a trick upon little Klook Eena."

"Little Klook Eena!" cried Annah eagerly. "Who was she?"

"Did you never hear of little Klook Eena?" cried the Totem Pole Eagle. "Well, well! I must tell you that story right now."

Klook Eena was a cripple girl who lived many, many years ago. She was very thin and frail and her legs were so crooked that she could hardly walk. Yet she was so bright and cheerful, so

ready to laugh and help anyone who needed her, that everybody in the tribe loved her dearly.

Wild animals loved her, too, and would come to her with but little coaxing and eat from her hand. Even the gulls, who make few friends, flew down to Klook Eena's shoulder.

Late one summer a terrible sickness visited Klook Eena's tribe. She herself escaped the scourge but the rest of her family were stricken with the dread disease. Youtl, her brother, whom she loved better than anyone else in the world, lay upon his bed of skins and begged constantly for huckleberries.

"He must have huckleberries; they are good medicine," declared the medicine man, shaking his head as he looked at the boy. "If he could have them, perhaps they would cure him of this illness."

"But there are no huckleberries now," moaned little Klook Eena. "Long ago we picked the last shriveled ones along the shore."

"There are berries up on the mountain," the

medicine man informed her. "They ripen later there than down here."

"But there is no one to go for them," cried little Klook Eena. "The others are too ill, as you know, and I could never climb a mountain—never, with these poor legs of mine."

"Then it cannot be helped," said the medicine man, "and your brother will have to wish in vain. I can do no more."

After he left, little Klook Eena sobbed for a long time. Then she dried her tears and looked at her poor crooked legs and the long, hard trail up the mountain. It was a steep, crooked trail, leading up over the lower ridges to the berry fields.

"I will go after the berries myself," she decided at last. "Maybe I shall never reach the top of the mountain, but at least I can try. Then I shall know that I have done all that I possibly can for Youtl."

Taking a deep basket, little Klook Eena started for the nearest mountain which rose, steep and

heavily wooded, above the Indian village on the shore. At first the trail was well-trodden and easy to follow and she hobbled along, trying not to mind the pain in her little crooked legs.

Before long, however, she came to a deep stream. Since she could not swim, she did not know how she could ever cross to the other side. She was turning back in despair when Mo-witsh, the deer, bounded out of the high ferns beside the path.

"Where are you going, little Klook Eena?" she demanded in amazement.

"I was going to the mountain to get some huckleberries for my sick brother," little Klook Eena replied, "but I cannot cross the stream, so I shall have to go home without them."

"I am the deer whose life you once saved when you warned me of the hunters," the pretty doe told her. "I will gladly carry you across the stream," she offered gratefully and knelt so that the happy girl could climb upon her soft back. Then, bearing her small burden, Mo-witsh

stepped into the river and swam gracefully across.

"I will be here when you return," the gentle creature said as her passenger slipped to the ground and thanked her. "I will hide in this thicket. You have only to call me and I will take you back again."

The rock-strewn path became steeper and steeper, rougher and rougher, until it was almost lost among huge boulders and fallen trees. Then it was that little Klook Eena sat down in dismay and felt that she could never, never reach the berry fields.

"But I will try," she decided bravely, after a short rest. "Surely it can't be very far now."

At that moment Cheet-woot, the bear, stuck her head out of a thicket.

"Where are you going, little Klook Eena?" she inquired, stepping clumsily into the path.

"To the berry fields to get some huckleberries for my brother who is sick," little Klook Eena replied, not at all afraid, for no animal had ever

harmed her and she felt that all of them were her friends.

"I have never forgotten how you freed me when I was caught in your brother's snare. Now is my chance to repay you. Climb upon my back and I will take you to the berry fields above. I was on my way there myself, for I have heard that the huckleberries are very large and plentiful."

"Oh, I am so glad!" murmured little Klook Eena thankfully, and climbed upon the big bear's back without feeling that it was in any way a strange thing to do.

Up over the rocky trail clambered the big bear,—over fallen logs and huge boulders with a speed that astonished little Klook Eena. Many times she was obliged to cling firmly to Cheetwoot's thick fur. Before long they reached the berry fields, and the kind bear searched until she found a place where the berries were unusually large and abundant.

"I will eat while you are picking," she said, as

little Klook Eena slid to the ground. "When you are ready to go home, call me and I will take you down the mountain."

The little berry-picker smiled happily as she looked around. Never in her life had she seen such a fine berry patch. She set to work with a will, and had picked half a basketful when she stumbled over a hidden log, and spilled all of the precious berries. Little Klook Eena looked at the empty basket and the berries which had rolled away into the moss and dirt.

"I can never pick so many again! Never, never, never! But — I — will — try. Oh, dear, if only I were not so very tired and lame!"

Just then Chack-chack, the eagle, whirred down over her head and lit in a tree close by.

"Why, little Klook Eena!" he exclaimed in surprise, "what are you doing so far from home?"

"I am picking huckleberries for Youtl, my sick brother," little Klook Eena replied, wiping away her tears as she stared at the huge bird.

"Do you remember the baby eagle you freed

from your brother's leash many moons ago?" inquired Chack-chack quickly. "Well, I am he. I shall be very glad to help you if I can. Wait, I have an idea! I will call the other eagles and we will fill your basket in no time," and away flew Chack-chack.

In a very few minutes he was back with several more eagles. They flew swiftly here and there, snipped off the huckleberries with their sharp beaks, and dropped them, one by one, into the big basket. Before many minutes it was full, and the happy child thanked the eagles for their help and covered the berries with leaves so that they would not spill again.

Then she called Cheet-woot, who came hurrying to her side. Once more she climbed upon her friend's broad back and was borne swiftly down the steep path.

"I am sorry, but I must leave you here," Cheet-woot said as she stopped beside a tiny stream. "Farther than this I dare not go. The hunters are always watching for me and I seldom come

down this far. Good-bye, little Klook Eena. I hope that you will reach the village safely with your berries."

The sun was setting behind the mountains as the weary child started down through the forest. Twilight came creeping in through the branches, making it difficult to see the stones and wild vines across the narrow trail. The basket of berries, too, became heavier and heavier, so that by the time little Klook Eena reached the river, she was so tired that she sighed with relief when she saw Mo-witsh upon the bank.

"I was so afraid something had happened to you," said the tender-hearted doe, touching the child with her nose. "I wanted to come up to meet you, but the cougar lurks in the thickets above, and my mate is waiting on the other side of the stream, so I could not go. There, there now, do not cry! I will take you across the river and you will soon be home again."

Little Klook Eena climbed upon the kind doe's back. Quickly Mo-witsh swam across the stream

rippling along all salmon-colored in the twilight glow, and clambered up into the thicket on the other side.

"I will take you a little farther," she offered; "at least until I meet my mate. To the village I dare not go, for hunters are always waiting for us."

Mo-witsh sped down the path with long graceful leaps, and little Klook Eena clung to her pretty neck with one hand while with the other she clutched the precious basket. Before long a big buck bounded into the path, then out of it again into the tall ferns.

"It is my mate," the doe explained hurriedly, and knelt so that the child might slip easily to the ground. "He says there are hunters near so we must hurry off to a safe place. Good-bye, dear child. It is not far now." She touched Klook Eena's cheek with her nose and sped off into the forest.

The very last rays of the setting sun were touching the snowy summit of the Great White

"I will take you a little farther," the doe offered; "at least until I meet my mate."

Mountain and the Indian village was being slowly covered with a twilight mantle as little Klook Eena dragged herself into her father's lodge and went straight to Youtl's side.

"Here are the berries, brother," she said softly, and placed the basket beside his eager hand. Then, tired out, she fell asleep beside him. When she woke, Youtl had eaten more than half of the berries and was much better. Little Klook Eena was very happy again.

"That was a good story," sighed Annah Samset. "I don't believe I could ever have climbed that mountain if I had been little Klook Eena."

"Nor I," said Willie Samset. "But my wrist is much better tonight," he added quickly. "By tomorrow it will be quite well again, I am sure, and I can pick at least two baskets full of berries all by myself."

"I am sure that you can, too, my son," agreed Nawaca, turning away to stir a smouldering log into flame.

THE THUNDERBIRD TELLS A STORY

IT WAS September, time of the great Fair: to Annah, Tenas John, and Willie Samset, the most wonderful time of the year. Every fall the Samsets glided over the waters of the Sound in their long canoe to the little town where the Fair was held. Here, with many friends and relatives, they spent two or three days,—days of sight-seeing and races, of lollipops and hot dogs and lemonade, days that filled the minds of the children with enough happy memories to last the whole year round.

Truly, it was a great occasion. In honor of it Nawaca made a fire in the rusty stove within the

cabin and baked some little spice cakes which a kind teacher had taught her how to make years before. When they were done she left them on a paper to cool and went away to the store to purchase other goodies for the picnic meals which they would have all the time they were away from home.

Now the children all knew that the fragrant cakes were cooling in the cabin. They could smell them away down the beach, and again and again they gathered around the cabin door and stared hungrily in.

"There are twenty-four cakes," announced Willie Samset, venturing in and counting carefully. "If we ate only one apiece there would still be twenty-one left, and that is enough to take to the Fair."

"Just one!" begged Tenas John eagerly.

"Mother told us not to touch them," Annah declared steadfastly.

"And you didn't, did you?" said Nawaca, returning at that moment with her many

purchases which she placed upon a chair. "Well, well, that is fine! It makes me think of a story. How would you like to have the Totem Pole tell you about Skad who slept a thousand moons?"

"Please, please!" begged the children.

"This, then, is the story," began the Totem Pole Thunderbird, when the children had followed Nawaca out to the fire and had made themselves comfortable on the ground in front of the tall pole.

Once upon a time there lived a young chief who was very selfish and greedy. He would often snatch the best portions of meat or fish and run off into the forest to eat alone, caring not that his mother or sisters or others of the tribe went hungry. This made him very unpopular with his father's people.

Then the young chief's mother began to miss supplies from the family larder,—pieces of smoked fish and venison and cakes of camas flour.

"I am afraid it is Skad, our son, who is taking the food," she told the old chief sadly. "I am sure

that it was he whom I saw running off into the bushes."

"I do not like to believe it," replied the old chief, "but I will watch and see for myself."

One day not long afterward he caught his son in the very act of stealing a large piece of smoked salmon.

Calling the frightened lad to his side, he said sternly, "A chief who will steal is not worthy to be at the head of a great tribe like ours. Besides, a chief who is greedy can never be popular among his people. By his own abstinence he must show his tribe how to save food for the long months of famine that often come during the winter. I am afraid that only Nature can teach you wisdom, my son. My own example has profited you nothing. Today, therefore, before the sun sets over the mountains, you must go into the forest and learn the right way to live. No bow nor arrow may you have; no hunting knife may you take. With your hands and your wits alone you must find food."

So at dusk, Skad went slowly into the forest to learn his lesson.

From the very first all things seemed to be against him. Though he made a crude spear with the aid of a sharp rock, he seldom found any game. The snares he set were always empty. The tides were high and the lapping waters covered the clam beaches, while the berry bushes had long since been picked clean by the women of his tribe.

Then one day when Skad was very hungry he saw a squirrel running up a tree with its mouth full of nuts. He remembered that the busy little animals laid up stores for the winter. After that, he watched the squirrels closely and robbed their storehouses.

However, Raven, Wise One, saw what was going on and determined to save the poor squirrels, who would surely perish if Skad continued to plunder their winter supplies.

He flew to the limb of a tree above Skad's head and said: "You are very foolish, Skad, to eat

such poor food as you find here when there is always a feast on the Great White Mountain where the tomanowos live. There, in the valley of the flowers, through all the months, through all the years, through all the centuries, the skookums keep the great fires burning, keep fowl and venison roasting over the coals, keep baskets of berries and cakes of camas flour always ready on the huge rock table of the tomanowos. There, if you are clever, you can eat your fill, for the skookums often sit drowsing before the fire for hours at a time, and the tomanowos themselves are seldom at home."

Greedy Skad listened eagerly to the Raven's words as the wily bird knew that he would. "I will go up to the feast place of the tomanowos," he decided. "Surely there, as the Raven says, I shall find enough food to satisfy my great hunger." Whereupon he put a few withered elderberries and some nuts in his pouch and set out for the distant mountain.

Now Skad had never been to the top of the

Great White Mountain. None of his tribe had ever been there; for there, as all knew, lived the dreaded evil spirits. Not even the greatest warrior or hunter of his tribe had ever dared to set foot on the sacred ground above the timber line.

But Skad was very hungry, so the thought of the food which the Raven so slyly described led him on and on. Before long he came to a great river which rose, men thought, in the ice fields on the Great White Mountain.

"I will follow it," Skad determined. "Perhaps it will take me to the feast table of the tomanowos."

Through the forest that lined the river banks he made his way slowly. Through tangled masses of ferns and thickets of shrubs and berry bushes he hurried, ever climbing upward toward the snow fields. Past waterfalls that thundered over mighty cliffs, past roaring, rushing rapids, up and up he struggled with lagging feet, for he was very weak from hunger and only the thought of the splendid feast at his journey's end led him on.

At last he reached the great ice river of which his tribe had heard, but which they had never seen. Ice home of the evil tomanowos! A stupendous crackling, splitting, crawling evil thing!

Here Skad's courage almost failed him, for beneath the river of ice was a huge cavern out of which rushed the great waters of the river. Out of the very home of the tomanowos they rushed, and with them came a piercing icy wind, perhaps the very breath of the dreaded tomanowos! Skad shivered. Above his head a block of ice cracked off and came thundering to the ground. Skad was paralyzed with fright. Surely the tomanowos were angry! Surely they were all around, invisible.

"This will never do," said the Raven, who was watching from afar. "Skad will become so frightened that he will not dare to go on."

Quickly he changed himself into an otter and trotted down over the ice to Skad's side.

"Be not afraid," he said. "The ice breaks and cracks in the sunlight, but there is nothing to fear. Be on your way. Just over the wooded

ridge above lies the beautiful valley of flowers. As I passed, I saw the skookums preparing a great feast. The flames were laden with the odors of roasting meat. Be on your way. The skookums are old and tired, and it is probable that they are sleeping. Surely you can feast as you have never feasted before."

Skad listened eagerly to the otter's scheming words and forgetting his fear and fatigue, hastened up the mountain. Hours later, panting and exhausted, he climbed over the last ridge and saw the valley of flowers stretching away before him.

Beautiful was the valley as only the things in dreams are beautiful. Never in his life had Skad seen anything to be compared with it. Flowers grew everywhere, masses of them, banks of them! Up to the very edge of the snow banks they grew!

By the little stream which ran through the valley, he saw the feast place of the tomanowos,—saw the fine lodges there among the flowers, the tongues of fire leaping up from the campfires, the

four skookums sitting beside the feast place! On the huge flat rock before them were haunches of roast venison and bear meat, pieces of juicy salmon, roast fowl, cakes of camas flour, and tall baskets of berries. He saw all this and forgot that he had ever been tired, saw all this and forgot to be afraid.

Three of the skookums were sound asleep beside the fires, but the fourth was leaning back against the rock, nodding drowsily. The tomanowos were not in sight.

The odor of the fragrant food came to Skad's nostrils. No longer did he hesitate. Down through the flowers he crept to the feast rock. The drowsy skookums kept nodding sleepily.

Skad seized a piece of salmon and tucked it beneath his arm. With one hand he grasped a haunch of venison; with the other he snatched a huge roast goose and sped swiftly back through the meadow. But his hasty steps dislodged a stone and it fell into the brook with a splash.

The startled skookums woke and shrieked with

anger and alarm. They saw the fleeing lad and raced across the meadow after him. They screamed loudly, commanding him to drop the sacred food of the tomanowos, but fear and hunger made Skad fleet of foot and he ran wildly on. Across the valley he fled, far ahead of the four skookums.

As he reached the wooded ridge above the ice river, Ta-toosh, the Thunderbird, came growling over the mountain. In his black clouds he rode and his fiery arrows leaped ahead of him. Thunder came from his great wings as he moved swiftly toward the frightened lad. Never in his life had Skad seen the Thunderbird so angry. First he threw away the haunch of venison. Still the thunder rolled on and arrows of lightning leaped at him from the clouds. Then he also cast the goose and salmon upon the ground, and ran as he had never run before, stumbling over the ridge, scrambling down toward the ice river.

Suddenly he tripped and fell. Slowly he opened his weary eyelids, saw that the skookums and

the Thunderbird were nowhere in sight, and instantly fell into a deep sleep.

When Skad awoke, the sun was shining. He rose shakily to his feet, feeling strangely stiff and old. In amazement, he stared at his withered legs, the ragged garments that covered him. He saw his hands,—the skinny hands of an old man. He gazed with horror into a pool near by. He was old! Older than the chief, his father, had been when last he saw him! Poor Skad!

He hurried down the river on his stiff old legs, pushing through the tangled underbrush along its banks while his addled brain tried to understand what had happened. He found his way back to the little bay where his father's village had been. But there was nothing there. No lodge nor campfire. No ashes. No one. The chief and all his tribe had passed away.

Skad, the greedy one, had slept a thousand moons!

THE SQUIRREL TELLS A STORY

NAWACA was lifting a big kettle of clam chowder from the fire when Willie Samset ran out of the forest with a shout. As the other children gathered around he showed them a beautiful gray squirrel he had caught and imprisoned in a small wooden box.

"You are a very nimble young man indeed to be able to catch a live squirrel," Nawaca said gravely, and stood watching the frightened animal turning round and round in his prison, trying to find a way out into the sunlight. Then, very carefully, she lifted the tiny animal and held it firmly as it squirmed and twisted, trying to bite her hands.

"It is too lovely a creature to keep in such a dark box," she said softly. "I cannot bear to put it back in its dark prison. How happy it would be climbing the tall trees and frisking among the boughs! Shall we not let it go?"

"No, no!" cried Willie Samset, jumping up and down in his excitement. "I spent all the afternoon catching it. It is mine!"

"Very well," sighed Nawaca. "Here, poor little fellow, my son says that you must go back into your dark prison. I am sorry. If you were my prisoner, I should let you run away."

She placed the frantic creature back in the little box and Willie Samset peeped in and smiled with satisfaction.

"I am going to tell you a story," began the Totem Pole Squirrel suddenly. "There will never be a better time."

Many, many years ago there lived an Indian boy whose name was Likmoo. From babyhood he liked to play with bugs and birds and animals,

but the sad part of it is that his play was sometimes cruel. He caught a fish and tossed it upon the bank and let it die slowly. He snared a rabbit and teased it by holding green leaves just beyond its reach. He captured a bird and fastened a weight to its leg and watched it try to fly. So it was with a grouse, a wildcat kitten, a bear cub.

Then one day Likmoo caught a squirrel, an unusually large and beautiful one, and put it into a small dark box which he made out of pieces of bark.

"Please let me go!" it begged. "I am chief of all the squirrels and I am on my way to a great council in the forest."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Likmoo, delighted. "Chief of all the squirrels! Think of it! Why, of course, I wouldn't let you go! Not for anything!"

In vain the little captive begged and pleaded. Likmoo would not relent and closed the lid of the bark box very tightly.

Now Likmoo's home was on the other side of

the island and he hurried along the trail for he wanted to show his new pet to the other children. Soon he came to a long hill and being tired and out of breath, threw himself down upon the cool green moss and opened his box to peek at the prisoner.

Wider and wider he opened the cover; he could not believe his eyes. The Squirrel Chief was gone! In one corner of the box was a small hole which told the story.

Likmoo was so angry that he jumped to his feet and stamped upon the ground. At that moment Siam, the grizzly bear, stepped out from behind a tree.

"Get upon my back, Likmoo," he commanded. "I have been ordered to bring you to the Council Place."

Likmoo was terrified, but he did not dare disobey. He climbed upon the bear's shaggy back and was borne swiftly through the forest to a rocky glen where many animals were gathered in solemn council beneath the giant fir trees.

Upon a high rock in the center sat Ketch-katch, the silver fox, wisest of all the animals.

"Here is the lad you asked me to bring to you," said the grizzly, trotting up in front of the fox. "Is there anyone here to appear against him?"

Up stepped Kwit-shad-ie, the rabbit that Likmoo had kept tied to a tree without food, and told his story. Then Wan, the red fox, told his story. A gull, a raven, a wildcat, a mouse and many others came forward. All had been teased and tortured by Likmoo. Last of all came the Squirrel Chief. He told how the boy had placed him in a tiny box and closed the cover tightly so that he could not breathe; told how awful it had been and how he had finally gnawed his way out of his prison.

"What shall we do with this cruel lad?" demanded Ketch-katch, sternly.

Little Likmoo had slipped off the bear's back and sat crouched upon the ground, so frightened that he could not move a finger, for the animals were very angry and made all sorts of threatening

"Get upon my back, Likmoo," he commanded. "I have been ordered to bring you to the Council Place."

noises as they discussed his fate. Louder and louder grew the din until the Council Place was in an uproar.

"Let the Squirrel Chief punish him!" roared Siam above the tumult.

"Let the Squirrel Chief punish him!" roared all the other animals, agreeing with the grizzly as they usually did.

"Very well," assented the silver fox. "Let the Squirrel Chief say what the punishment shall be."

The Squirrel Chief climbed to the top of a high rock beside the silver fox. "Let him be put in a hollow tree where he will have no room to move, no air to breathe, no food to eat," he cried.

"Good!" shouted all the animals. "That is a fitting punishment for such a cruel lad."

Then the Squirrel Chief called to the other squirrels and they came racing from all directions. Down every tree they scampered, a whole army of them.

Then Siam pushed Likmoo toward a hollow tree and commanded him to crawl in. Trem-

blingly the lad obeyed, and the squirrels began to pile sticks and mud against the hole.

Within a few minutes Likmoo's prison began to grow dark and stuffy. Higher and higher grew the barrier that separated him from the air and sunshine. The hole grew smaller and smaller until there was only a narrow crack left at the top. Through it streamed a little ray of sunshine which he watched tearfully. Then that, too, was gone and Likmoo was alone in the darkness. He could scarcely move hand or foot. And he would not have had air to breathe had the hole in the decayed heart of the tree not run up through the top.

As the hours dragged by he grew very hungry and thirsty and tried desperately to push the sticks and stones and mud away. But twist and turn as he would his efforts were futile. He began to cry, softly at first, then louder and louder. After a while he heard something scratching at the sticks and mud. Soon the sunlight stole in through a little hole. Larger and larger the hole

grew and a small head appeared in the opening.

"Do not weep, Likmoo," a low voice said. "Be very quiet, and I will let you out of your prison. I think you have been punished enough."

It was the Squirrel Chief, the kind old Squirrel Chief. He began to dig and in a few moments the hole was so big that Likmoo could use one hand to help him. Then two hands. After that it was only a matter of minutes before the sticks and mud were all cleared away and Likmoo was free.

He was very much ashamed as he stood before the Squirrel Chief who had been so forgiving, and thought of his own unrelenting cruelty. He was too ashamed to speak.

"It was a very severe punishment but I thought you needed it," said the Squirrel Chief gravely. "From now on, you will understand how terrible it is to be deprived of liberty, food, and sunlight."

"It is — awful," stammered Likmoo, hanging his head. "I shall not forget."

"Then I am well content," declared the Squirrel

Chief. "Run home now before the other animals return. You have a long way to go and the wind in the trees tells me there is going to be a storm."

As the voice of the Totem Pole Squirrel died away, all three children turned toward the box which held Willie Samset's captive. They could plainly hear the frantic animal scratching and nibbling at the wooden walls as he tried to escape.

Nawaca looked, too, but said nothing as she rose and moved the chowder kettle nearer the hot coals. As she sat down again and began to mend a rent in one of the wet nets lying on the ground, Willie Samset opened the lid of his box and peeped thoughtfully in. Then he stepped back and smiled with satisfaction as the small prisoner leaped quickly out and scampered off among the trees.

THE RAVEN TELLS A STORY

IT WAS fat little Tenas John's birthday. In honor of it Nawaca made griddle cakes. She mixed the prepared flour from the bright red box with water, and baked the small round cakes upon a long iron griddle which rested upon two iron bars well above the hot coals.

All the Samset children loved griddle cakes covered with thick brown molasses from the big sticky molasses can. There was no other treat they enjoyed half as much. On this occasion, when the last of the cakes had been consumed, Tenas John was allowed as a special favor to drain the very last drop of molasses from the can.

Annah pointed to the happy little fellow's chin

and cried laughingly, "There is molasses on your chin, Tenas John!"

"It was good," Tenas John replied solemnly, caring not at all about the condition of his chin.

"That makes me think of a story," remarked Nawaca, smiling. "It is about molasses and a sticky chin. I will ask the Totem Pole to tell it if you would like to hear it."

"Please!" begged the children eagerly, and at once the Totem Pole Raven began the tale.

Many, many years ago before the white people settled along the coast, there lived a chief who liked to eat better than anything else in the world. He was always jolly and happy, and since he was also wise and just, all his people loved him and brought him things to eat.

Now the time came when the chief gave a great potlatch,—a food potlatch it really was, for the chief prepared a great feast. To it came all his tribe, bringing gifts of game and honey and fish, great geoducks from remote beaches, giant crabs,

small luscious oysters from distant bays, rock cod, and berries. They brought precious gifts of flour, too, and sugar and other eatables taken in barter from the great trading ships which came into the Sound,—ships filled with white men and strange tools and firearms and things to eat; ships that bore guns which belched out fire from their great mouths and tore great trees from their roots.

Now it happened that one of the hunters had brought to the chief a big brown jug of molasses for which he had traded the white men a pile of beautiful skins. Rich, thick West India molasses it was, which poured out of the opening in a great rope of sweetness. Into the brown liquid the chief put a fat finger and licked it eagerly.

"Ugh!" he grunted, smiling with delight, "hyas kloash muck-a-muck!"

To the hunter, the chief gave a handsome present. Then, with his own hands, he tugged the big brown jug into his lodge and left it, deeming it the most precious of all his possessions.

Now I am coming to the meat of my story. You yourselves shall see what a great deal of trouble that innocent brown jug caused.

It happened that the chief had a son, Chee, who also tasted the molasses and liked it as well as the chief, his father. He saw his father carry the jug into the lodge and though he turned away and played with his playmates and enjoyed the good things at the feast, he kept thinking of the brown jug and the sweet brown syrup it held.

Again and again he stole into the lodge when nobody was looking and drank the sweet liquid from the jug. In the afternoon he became very ill, so ill that he crawled miserably into the lodge and lay down upon the skins in the corner.

There his mother found him. She saw the jug with several little brown rivulets running down the side,—the jug that had been so clean and shining when the chief put it away,—and she saw the sticky smudges upon the sick lad's face.

"Did you drink of the sweet brown syrup in your father's jug?" she inquired sternly.

"No, no! I did not touch it. Not once did I touch it!" Chee cried untruthfully.

Chee's mother said nothing, but she brewed a bitter tea from herbs and roots,—a very bitter, disagreeable tea,—and made Chee drink it in spite of his many groans and grunts of disgust.

Shortly afterward he felt somewhat better and lay back sleepily upon the skins, shuddering as he noticed the sticky molasses jug there in front of him.

"So you didn't touch the molasses!" suddenly exclaimed a sharp voice near by.

To Chee's astonishment, there sat the Raven, Wise One, upon the handle of the jug, his head cocked on one side, his small eyes glittering as he stared at the sick lad.

"No-o-o," faltered Chee, wondering if, after all, it would not be better to tell the truth to the Raven who, if all the myths and legends were true, knew all things anyway.

"So!" said the Raven, and flapped his wings. Lo! Out of the mouth of the jug began to flow

a stream of molasses, a thick sweet stream of brown molasses! Into a great pool it ran,—a thick, sticky pool, which grew larger and larger, and deeper and deeper, and crept slowly all over the floor of the lodge. Toward Chee flowed the thick brown stream, slowly, stickily, surely!

Terrified, but unable to move, Chee watched it draw nearer,—watched it grow deeper, watched it climb up over the furs upon which he was lying, watched it reach his feet. He felt it rise slowly over his limbs, gluing them to the ground, making them stick to each other, felt it touch his finger, felt it creep over his hands and arms!

His eyes sought the molasses jug once more. There sat the Raven, still flapping his wings slowly. Out of the jug still poured the thick brown stream. Would it never end? In a few minutes it would reach his face, crawl up over his chin and mouth and nose!

Poor little Chee! He tried to rise and escape the horrible sticky river, but the flood upon his chest weighed him to the ground.

"So you didn't touch the molasses!" croaked the Raven, flapping his wings faster and causing the syrup to flow more swiftly out of the jug.

Chee felt the cold sticky molasses creeping up on his chin. Ugh! He tried to lift his head, to turn, to move. Then a voice spoke, a welcome voice, the voice of his mother.

"Are you feeling better, son?" she inquired, peering into the lodge.

Chee opened his eyes quickly, sat up, and stared around in terror. Lo! The Raven had disappeared. Gone, too, was the lake of molasses! There was not a drop of it on his feet, his hands, his chest, or the floor beside him. There sat the sticky brown jug just as it had before he went to sleep, and the syrup was not pouring out of its mouth.

"I drank the sweet syrup," muttered Chee, as his mother pushed him gently back upon the skins while she held a cooling drink to his lips. "Many times I drank out of the jug," he confessed faintly. "Ugh! It made me so sick!"

"I knew you were telling a falsehood," said his mother.

"How did you know?" stammered Chee, astonished.

"Because there was molasses on your chin," she replied, and stole softly out of the tent, leaving Chee to think about the horrible dream that the Raven had brought him.

As the voice of the Totem Pole Raven died away into nothingness, the children sat staring at the empty molasses can as if they really expected to see the sticky stuff come bubbling out through the hole in the top.

"Molasses on my chin, too!" cried Tenas John, suddenly fearful, and the others laughed heartily as the little fellow ran quickly to Nawaca's side and clambered into her sheltering arms.

THE FROG TELLS A STORY

DARKNESS had fallen over the little bay where the Samsets lived and the stars twinkled and blinked in the purple vault of the heavens above. Upon the fire, however, great logs of driftwood were snapping merrily, making a circle of golden light.

The Samsets were all sitting in the warm glow of the fire. Tenas John was nodding sleepily. Annah and Willie Samset were watching the blue flame hiss and burn brightly as it ate into the water-soaked wood.

"Did you children bring back the clam shovels that you took over to the cove this afternoon? I have not seen them anywhere," said Nawaca.

Annah and Willie Samset looked at each other in dismay.

"I guess we forgot the shovels," Annah replied after a moment. "When our pails were full of clams we played a game upon the beach and left the shovels some place. I do not remember where."

"I do," Willie Samset admitted. "It was by the high rock where we went to look for crabs."

"But it is too dark to go through the forest," Annah protested.

"And there are owls," added Tenas John, blinking sleepily.

"But the tide is still out and we can go along the shore," Willie Samset proposed. "Nothing can harm us there."

"Run along then," Nawaca said, "before the tide comes in and carries them off to sea. When you return I will tell you a story. Tenas John need not go, for it is late and he is sleepy."

Half an hour later Annah and Willie Samset came running back to the fire with the lost shovels

and as soon as they had seated themselves in front of the fire-lit pole, Nawaca woke Tenas John and the Totem Pole Frog began to speak.

Long, long ago there lived a famous chief whose son caused him great sorrow and heartache. For the son was a coward. He was afraid of the water, shivering at the very sight of the deep pools along the rocky shores. He was afraid of the darkness and the night sounds, trembled at the snap of a broken twig or the crash of a distant tree. He was terrified by the screech of an owl at night, by the shriek of a crane, or the howl of a distant wolf. There was no denying this. The tribe all knew it. The old chief knew it. By everyone he was called Kwass, meaning fear.

In all else Kwass was everything that a chief's son should be,—tall and strong, quick of wit, and bright of eye. He had one gift, too, of which the chief was very proud. He was a carver. With the small sharp knife which his father had received from the white traders, he could fashion all sorts

of marvelous objects from bits of wood,—animals and birds and flowers,—which were traded for many welcome articles.

As the years passed, the old chief did everything within his power to teach the youth to be brave; but fear was in his soul and nothing that the old chief or medicine man did could cast it out.

Poor Kwass! He knew that he was a coward and he was ashamed, but he could not conquer that terrible fear in his heart. The other children teased and taunted him and the older people shook their heads. It was not well to have the chief's son a coward.

One day as he sat alone by a little pool, he carved a frog. It looked like the big green one that had climbed out upon a lily pad before him and was watching him with big unblinking eyes, except that it was not green. To remedy that, Kwass rubbed the little wooden frog well with a handful of fern fronds and behold! when he placed it upon a lily pad it was exactly like the live frog—just as green and plump and inquisi-

tive. Then to Kwass' great astonishment, Shwah-kuk, the live frog, spoke.

"That is a very fine twin you have made for me," he boomed. "It is so very like me that I should like to own it. I am chief of my tribe, you see, and I am supposed to stay here in this pool. But if I could leave a twin like that one here I could go out into the world adventuring. My people would never miss me and things would go along as well as if I were here."

"But the wooden frog cannot talk," Kwass protested, "and I cannot make it talk, you know."

"I myself only speak when I feel like it," replied the frog, "so they would think nothing of that. Sometimes I sleep for days without moving at all. No one would dare to wake me. I will give you anything in my power if only the wooden frog may be mine."

"There is just one thing that I really want," Kwass answered, after a moment's thought. "I should like to be as brave as other lads; brave

as my father, the chief, would have me. Can you give me a brave heart for a gift, O Frog Chief?"

"I do not know, but I can try," replied the frog gravely. "It may be that we can find a brave heart somewhere in the forest. If you will leave the wooden frog here in my place, you and I will go and see what we shall see."

"That I will gladly do," Kwass replied eagerly. Whereupon Shwah-kuk hopped out upon the bank and the two friends set out upon their adventure.

Before long they met Le-loo, the wolf, who sprang out into the path, his red tongue hanging out between sharp white teeth. He was a huge, cruel-looking creature, and he was hungry, too, and ready to attack.

Poor Kwass was so frightened that his teeth chattered and his legs shook. He jumped for a tree and pulled himself up, leaving his small companion alone upon the ground.

But the frog was not afraid. As calm and unblinking as if he were sitting upon his lily pad,

he stood in front of the great wolf who could have devoured him with just one snap of the jaws.

When Kwass saw how very brave the little frog was, he overcame some of his own fear, and, leaping quickly to the ground, killed the big wolf with his sharp knife.

"That was bravely done," commended Shwah-kuk when the short hard-fought battle was over. "Take the skin to the chief, your father, and let him rejoice."

"You were so small and so brave that I could not stay up in the tree and see you killed," Kwass answered.

Not long afterwards they met Cheet-woot, the black bear, who grunted and stood on her hind feet in surprise. A very gentle, good-natured bear was Cheet-woot, but she seemed very terrible to Kwass, who gave just one horrified look and started to run away.

But when he glanced back and saw the small frog standing in front of the bear, with never a single hop in any direction, he turned around

and ran swiftly back to his companion's side. At his approach the bear gave a frightened "whoof," dropped to all fours, and ambled off.

"You see, bears are not greatly to be feared," said the frog as they continued on their way. "Berries and roots and fish are their food, and they rarely attack other animals or people."

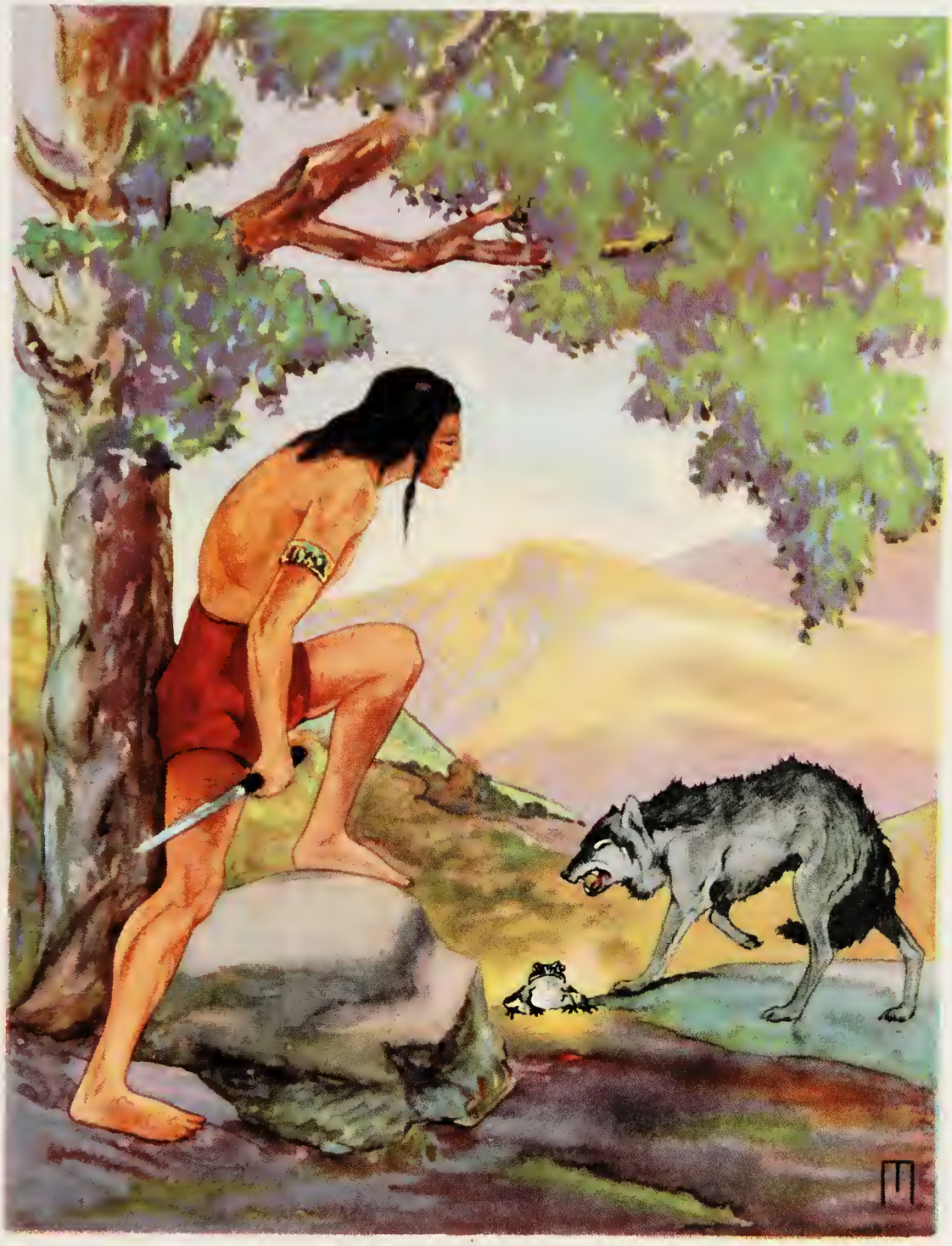
"So I see," replied Kwass soberly. "I don't think I shall ever be afraid of one again."

At dusk they came upon Swad-wa, the panther, lying flat upon a limb above, his nose hanging down below the branch, his fierce cat eyes glinting cruelly. Kwass saw him and tried to run, but he was so frightened that his legs would not move. Even as he watched, the panther prepared to spring.

"Run!" he cried, staring at his small companion helplessly. "The panther is going to leap!"

"It will do no good to run," replied the brave little frog. "He would reach me before I could take two hops."

Swad-wa leaped through the air and Kwass



Leaping quickly to the ground, he killed the big wolf with his sharp knife.

sprang away. He saw the panther strike the ground with a soft thud; saw him reach out a great paw toward the frog who gave one short hop to the left and avoided the sharp claws. Then, before the angry cat could seize his small friend, Kwass leaped forward and struck the crouching creature with his knife. Over it rolled, dead.

"That, too, was bravely done," declared the frog, who sat watching Kwass skin the huge animal so that he could take the pelt home to his father.

"He almost killed you, my friend," Kwass said slowly; "almost killed you with his paw while I was running away."

When darkness came and the night animals began to prowl, Kwass trembled with fear. Whenever a twig snapped, he stopped in terror but the frog always seemed to understand and came hopping back with a word of cheer or a story that helped the frightened lad.

"If the little frog isn't afraid, I shouldn't be," he thought.

Before the first gray light of morning came filtering through the branches, Kwass had grown accustomed to all of the noises that had always brought fear to his heart: to the weird hoot of the owl, to the hoarse shriek of the crane, to the bark of the coyote and the howl of the wolves. Gone from his heart was the fear of everything that lived within the forest. Even in the black pools of darkness beneath the fir trees he was no longer afraid.

By dawn they had circled back to the deep river near Kwass' village. Above the black waters a thin ribbon of silver mist was floating slowly upward. Into the water plunged the frog, but poor Kwass hesitated upon the bank shivering with dread.

"I cannot swim," he called to the frog.

"Cannot swim!" Shwah-kuk cried, astonished, that being the one thing he had always known how to do.

"I have never liked the water," Kwass explained, ashamed; "it is so very deep and black."

"It is easy to swim," the frog encouraged. "When once you can swim, you will no longer be afraid of the water. Watch my feet. Make your hands and feet go in and out, in and out, as they do. It is easy to do. Try it. You will reach the other shore before you know it."

By this time Kwass had so much respect for the little frog that he did exactly as he advised. He dived into the water, just as Shwah-kuk did. In and out, in and out, went his hands and feet, and lo, he swam!

When he climbed out upon the other bank, the little green frog was nowhere to be seen, but there in the gray mist stood his father watching anxiously. He saw the wolf and panther skins upon his son's back. Saw the sharp knife at his waist, and knew what had happened.

Tenderly then he put his arm around the weary lad and led him to the fire in front of his lodge. With his own hands he cut off a big piece of roast meat and gave it to his son, watching him with a proud and happy heart as he ate hungrily.

When Kwass had eaten he told his father the story of the night's adventure, and how fear had been banished from his heart by the bravery of the little green frog.

He led his father to the pool where he had met his small companion. On the water floated the lily pads, swaying gently in the ripple caused by the morning breeze. On the lily pad where Kwass had left it sat the wooden frog. But of the live frog, there was no sign.

"It was Raven, Wise One," said the old chief, nodding. "He swam ahead of you and called me from my lodge. Awoke me from a dream and told me to go down beside the water."

Even as the chief spoke a brisk breeze sprang up. Into little wavelets rushed the ripples. Up and down bobbed the lily pads. Slowly the wooden frog slid into the water and went floating off across the pool.

THE SEAL TELLS A STORY

TWILIGHT was falling over the Samset camp and the three children were huddled together near the roaring fire, talking excitedly. Fall had come, and on the morrow school was to begin again in the little white schoolhouse so there were many interesting things to discuss,—clothes, pencils and a new teacher whom no one had ever seen.

Soon Nawaca joined the group and seated herself on a flat rock near the Totem Pole.

"Tomorrow two things of importance will happen," she began; "school will open, and I

shall take down the tent and move things back into the cabin. The nights are cool and the rains may begin any day now. After this we shall gather around the stove within and the Totem Pole will rarely have occasion to tell one of its stories. Shall I ask for one last story about Kwann and the seals?"

As usual, the children clamored for the tale and immediately the Totem Pole Seal began.

I will tell you a story that happened many, many moons ago when your forefathers lived on the shore of the great ocean, long before the white man had ever shown his face on these shores.

Now there was a chief's son, Kwann, who had worked for many days on a canoe. The little craft was long and slender with the head of an eagle carved upon its prow and the eyes of the Thunderbird painted upon each side. When it was ready Kwann and his companions took it down to the water's edge and were about to launch it when the chief called to his son.

"Do not go out upon the bay this afternoon, my son," he commanded, "The clouds hang black upon the horizon, and both wind and wave are foretelling a great storm."

At that the other lads went back to the village, but Kwann sat down on the beach beside the canoe, greatly disappointed.

"It is not going to storm," he fretted, staring at the sky. "The sun is shining, the whitecaps are not much larger than usual, and the clouds not very black. Surely my father is mistaken," and he shoved the canoe, ever so little, toward the water. Then farther and farther he pushed it until it slipped into the fretting wavelets and bobbed gracefully up and down.

The temptation was too much for Kwann, and he stepped stealthily into the canoe and knelt in the bottom, dipping his paddle gently into the water. Every moment he expected to hear his father calling him back and he knew that a punishment would await him, for his father would not tolerate disobedience.

Straight as an arrow and buoyant as a feather, the canoe shoved its graceful nose through the water. On and on it went, out of the little cove, out among the angry whitecaps where it received its first real test.

Here, too, it slipped steadily along through the swishing waves, up and over, and down into great troughs without faltering. Kwann was very happy. After a time, he looked around and found that he was far from land, the high mountains behind his home being only a low dark line in the distance.

"This little boat must have the wings of a Thunderbird," Kwann thought in amazement as he turned around and started back toward the distant bay.

Then, for the first time, he noticed the black clouds that were scudding overhead, saw that the sea had a strange stormy look, and heard the wind moaning in a most unusual way.

Before Kwann had covered half the distance to the shore, the storm struck with terrific force.

The little canoe plunged headfirst into the great waves, made two or three of them gallantly, then spun around and overturned on the very crest of a giant comber.

For a moment Kwann was engulfed by the rushing waters, but he fought his way to the surface and looked for the little canoe. It had disappeared and with it went Kwann's only hope of reaching shore.

He looked at the swirling ridges of water and knew that he could not hope to battle against them, good swimmer that he was. How he wished that he had listened to his father and heeded his warning and command! He thought of the little cove, too, safe and calm among the cliffs and wished with all his heart that he were there among his comrades.

Just then a seal came plunging through the water and hurried to the side of the frightened lad.

"Climb upon my back, little Kwann," she commanded, "and cling tightly to my fur while

I take you to the seal rocks which are not far away."

Too dazed to wonder how the kind seal knew him by name, Kwann climbed upon the slippery creature's back and clasped the loose folds around her neck with both arms. Away through the raging sea she sped, keeping nearer the surface than was her wont, in order that her passenger might not drown.

She approached the tall jagged rocks that rose high above the water at the end of a long reef. In front of them the waves were pounding mountain-high with a constant swish and boom, but the wise seal swam around behind and made her way through the swirling foam to the sloping ledges.

With her clumsy fins and tail, she climbed up over the rocks until she was above the breakers. Kwann, half unconscious, tumbled off her back and, heeding neither the wind nor driving rain, went to sleep against her side.

He was awakened by a terrific din. All around him were sea lions and seals, barking and flapping

their fins, while above hundreds of gulls circled about screaming in alarm.

"Be not afraid," said the big seal by his side. "They will not harm you. Do you not remember me? I was the baby seal your father caught and brought to you when you were a small lad. You were very fond of me and taught me many tricks and I was very happy with you until the other seals passed one day on their way to the seal rocks. Then I knew that I must go along with them, and I left you, but I have always missed you, little Kwann. Nor have I forgotten how kind you always were. Tell me, what were you doing so far from land?"

"I was trying out my new boat," Kwann replied, sheepishly. "My father, the chief, said that a storm was coming up and forbade me to launch it, but I thought he was mistaken and slipped away. Then the canoe sped onward so fast that I never realized how far I had gone until it was too late and the storm was raging."

"The chief, your father, will be very angry,"

said the seal, thoughtfully. "But he will grieve when you do not return, for he will think that you were lost in the storm, and you are his only son. Perhaps I had better take you back at once."

"No, no!" cried little Kwann, remembering how very terrible was the anger of the great chief. "No, no, I would rather stay here with you. My father would punish me beyond endurance if I went home."

"Yes, he would certainly punish you," admitted the seal, "but after all, you deserve it. Still, if you wish to remain, none of the seals will harm you and there are caves above where you could be very comfortable, even in a storm."

"Then I will stay," Kwann decided, putting his hand on the seal's head and patting her as he used to do when she was his small pet. "I shall call you by your old name, Olo. Do you remember it? I named you that because you were always hungry and teasing for fish."

"Yes, I remember," replied the seal. "It was

a good name. And I am always hungry still. You will find me but little changed."

For a few days Kwann was very happy there on the great rock. It was summer time and the weather was perfect. Near the top of the rock there were little caves where he could curl up at night protected from the wind and spray. For food, there were thousands of gull eggs, crabs around the reefs below, and rock oysters to be found at low tide. Olo brought him fish, too. So, at first, the days slipped quickly by, Kwann playing with the baby seals, watching the young gulls, or riding through the water upon Olo's back.

As time passed, however, he grew tired of the raw eggs and sea foods, and longed for the huckleberries which he knew would be ripening along the shore, and slices of roasted fish or meat lifted hot and dripping from the coals. Then he knew what it was that he missed most. It was fire. Thereafter, when evening came, he sat silent upon the rocks, thinking of the roaring fire before

his father's lodge, of the tongues of golden flame leaping up into the darkness, of hot beds of glowing embers.

"If we only had a fire," he said to the kind seal when she brought him a fat rock cod, "how very good this would taste!"

"Only men have fire," replied the seal, shaking her head. "We animals were never taught to make it, so of course we never miss it."

Kwann said nothing more about it, but he thought and thought about it nevertheless. Had there been a dry piece of wood or grass upon the rock he would have made a fire as the old chief had taught him.

There came a time when Kwann turned away from the raw eggs and fish, saying that he was not hungry, and as the days passed he grew so thin and frail that Olo became worried.

"He is homesick and hungry," she told the others sadly. "It is not good for him to eat raw food as we do. The time has come when he must go back to his father's lodge. Perhaps the chief

will be so happy to see him alive and well that he will not punish him."

"But we cannot command him to go home," protested a wise old seal, looking up at Kwann who sat on top of the rock gazing toward the faint blue outline of the mountains on the distant mainland.

"No," Olo agreed, "but there must be a way. Let us think of a plan."

Later in the afternoon Kwann climbed upon one of the logs of driftwood which were always floating about in the sheltered pools and began to push it slowly through the water with a long stick. Many times he had amused himself this way, accompanied by a crowd of barking seals.

This time Olo and the other seals came barking from the rocks as usual and splashed into the water beside him. They were just like children, always eager and ready to play.

"I will push you, little Kwann," offered Olo.

"And we will help!" cried the others, lining up beside the log. Through the water they sped. On

and on they went so fast that the happy lad enjoyed his ride immensely.

After a while the log slowed down and rested almost motionless upon the calm waters. Kwann looked around to see what had happened. Olo, alone, swam slowly beside the drifting log, her sad eyes fixed upon the astonished lad.

"The others went back," she explained, "for we are near land and your people are always hunting us."

"My people!" cried Kwann, who had been so busily engaged riding the slippery log that he had not noticed how close he was to the well-known rocky headland that jutted out into the water just beyond his father's village. Now he saw it with shining eyes. Saw, too, the smoke of distant fires drifting up into the heavens in long blue spirals.

"There is home, Olo!" he cried happily. "And look! There are fires also!"

"Yes, it is home," Olo said sorrowfully, for she loved the lad and knew that she would miss

him. "Now you may choose. Will you return with me or will you go to your people?"

Kwann looked at the distant smoke once more, looked at the sandy beach piled high with dry driftwood, looked at the green hills beyond, where huckleberries would be ripe and waiting to be picked, looked at the little cove where he knew his father's village lay hidden. And he thought of the fires burning in front of the lodges, heard the snap and crackle of the flaming logs, thought of the food cooking over the glowing coals, and knew he must go home.

"I must go home, Olo. I can scarcely wait to see the fire again. If there is a punishment, I shall have deserved it, for I disobeyed my father. I shall miss you and the other seals, Olo, for you were all very kind to me, and did your best to make me happy."

"We loved you, little Kwann," Olo said softly, "but we shall be glad to know that you are safe at home with your people, for the colder days will soon be here and you will need fire and food

more than ever. Good-bye, little Kwann. Do not forget us."

With that Olo dived into the water and was gone. Kwann saw her come to the surface far away and look back just once. She gave a quick little flip with her nose as if she were waving farewell, then she was gone forever.

The sun was setting when Kwann paddled his strange craft into the little cove in front of his home. Here, impatient with his slow progress, he dived and swam quickly to land.

It happened that the chief was standing by the water's edge, looking out over the sunset-tinted bay when Kwann waded slowly out on the sandy beach. His heart beat loudly as he approached, but the chief, absorbed in his sad reverie, thought he was one of the other children and paid no attention.

Kwann stopped directly in front of his father. "It is I, your son," he faltered.

The old chief turned and stared at the tall thin lad. He saw that the boy had suffered, and for a

moment his stern eyes softened. So great was his joy and relief that he nearly reached out and drew Kwann to his breast. Then he remembered: Kwann, on that last day, had disobeyed.

"I am glad to see you alive, my son," he said gravely, with no hint of the joy within his heart. "For many weeks we have mourned you as dead, and all of the tribe will rejoice at your return. What has happened I do not know, but my heart has not forgotten that you disobeyed me and took your canoe out upon the waters in the path of the storm. For that you must be punished."

"I expect to be punished, O my father," Kwann replied, almost eagerly.

"I think," said the wise old chief slowly, "that it shall be your duty to keep the fire in front of the lodge burning, night and day, for as many moons as there are fingers on one hand. Never in all that time shall you hunt or fish with the others. This is your punishment."

Kwann turned away quickly in order that the chief might not see the joy upon his face.

"It is well, O my father," he said softly, and stood gazing happily at the blue smoke winging its way in drifting blue spirals up into the shell-pink heavens.

"Kwann liked that punishment," declared Annah Samset, as soon as the Totem Pole Seal had ended the story.

"But it was punishment enough to have to stay there on the rock with only raw food and no fire," protested Willie Samset earnestly.

"Perhaps the old chief thought so too, my son," agreed Nawaca, glancing at Tenas John who lay fast asleep upon the warm sand in front of the dying fire.

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